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THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A Historical Romance OF FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

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CHAPTER IV.

NEW GUESTS TO THE "BLUE BOAR."

The wretched Margaret opened her eyes a second time to behold the angry looks of her father, dwelling stonily upon her countenance. After the withdrawal of Pierre Bart, with the young girl, the French noble had resumed his chair, and though his daughter lay stretched at his feet, made no effort to restore her. He did not, it is true, continue the leisurely discussion of the interrupted meal, but his indifference nearly went as far: since he leaned his elbow on the board, and surveyed the prostrate lady with a half regardless air. But when, after a lapse of time, he beheld a sudden shiver agitate his daughter's frame, and heard a low moan breathe through her parted lips, succeeded by a languid opening of the drooping eyes, his features settled into a harder cast, and he met the first bewildered glance of Margaret with the customary darkling gaze so freezing to her heart.

"Where am I? what vision was it? Mine angel-child—where is she?" cried the lady, in hurried accents, as her look roved round the apartment.

"Peace! rave not!" hissed the old man.

"My child! I bid ye give me back my child! 'Tis mine—'tis—'tis—HIS—my Armand's!"

In the wildness of her excitement, Margaret half-raised herself, and stretched out her arms, as if imploring some surrounding auditors whom her wandering fancy shadowed to her eyes. But as she pronounced the last words, "My Armand's," in a voice of exquisite tenderness, the old man, her father, sprang to his feet, as if possessed by uncontrollable passion. His gray eyes dilated, his hooked nose seemed to contract upon his set teeth, and uttering a furious threat, he grasped his daughter by her long, dishevelled hair, and drew her, with a brutal effort of his strength, backward and prone at his feet.

"Fiends!" he muttered, his teeth grating in fallen fury, "will she never forget that name? Hah! Madge—I'll slay thee, Madge! curses upon the heretic!"

With these frenzied exclamations, the old man released his hold of Margaret's braided hair, and rose violently from her, clenching his hands together, and writhing in the vain effort to suppress his terrible rage. To and fro, for some moments, he thus traversed the floor, dashing the rushes which covered it in heaps with each abrupt turn, until at length exhausted with the paroxysm of passion, he sunk once more upon his chair, and moodily leaned his head upon the table.

Then it was that the filial devotion of the fond Margaret was manifest. Scarce recovered of the mental estrangement that had followed her swoon, and suffering with pain inflicted by her father's hand, she seemed yet to feel no jot of bitterness towards him; but rose tremblingly from the floor, and, approaching the old man, knelt silently at his feet, and murmured, in broken whispers,

"Father, pardon—pity me!"

For a few moments, her sire remained, with his head bowed upon his arm, apparently heedless of the pleading being at his knees; then he slowly straightened his form, and Margaret caught for an instant that she might hear a word of kindness from his parting lips. But it was not so. The tormentor had mastered his fit of anger, but it was to concentrate more intensely that cold ferocity which made his calmness terrible. Margaret's heart sunk in her breast, for she encountered, in looking up, the same gaze which for years had fallen like ice on her every impulse of affection, and again heard that dreary monotone which made her life accord.

"Madge! thou wouldst see thy child—the innkeeper's foundling. I grieve, for thy sake, the wench is not, as I hoped, a coarse, million-faced jade, since in that case she might stomach her low estate. But, as thou sayst she is fair—and beauty is a dangerous thing for a tankard-bearing bar-maid. Doubtless, some gallant from the town—some dissolute man-at-arms or ruffling serving-man—will speedily bear her from the 'Blue Boar,' and—the rest may be fancied, good Madge!"

The horrible malice which inspired these words, uttered in a quiet tone, penetrated Margaret's heart before the concluding sentence had echoed her ears. She contemplated her father with an expression of amazed wonder, as his cruel look revealed to her all that might be hidden in the dark future, suggested as the fate of the golden tressed maiden—her own child—whom she had so lately held within her arms.

"Ay, Madge! daughter mine! the heretic's child will doubtless tempt many good Catholics to their destruction if she manage well that yellow-locked head of hers—which, in good sooth, minds one much of the worthy Florentine Do[illegible]'s portrait of Mary the Magdalen."

The old man laughed low as he said this, and did the agonized expression of his daughter's [illegible].

"Hah! Madge, thou didst pester me till I vowed to show thee the heretic's offspring; moreover, if thou canst remember, I charged to give no token to the jade, or to do aught that might wake suspicion in the innkeeper's mind! Yet, by St. Dominic! no sooner dost thou set eyes on the waif, than—out, cockatrice! would I might see thee dead before me!"

Margaret had no word to reply. The dreadful imagery which her sire had conjured up, concerning her child's future fate, banished all other pictures from her mind.

A knock at the door of the apartment recalled her thoughts to the present, and she rose from her kneeling attitude, as her father bade the door be opened. It was the page Alphonse, who, with Pierre Bart, stood upon the threshold. The innkeeper advanced first into the room, and stopped opposite the French noble.

"It becomes not a poor publican, perchance, to argue with his betters," commenced Pierre, bluffly, and meeting, this time, with unblenching gaze, the stern eye of his guest; "Nathless, I need but remind your excellence, that certain words, which cannot be unsaid, were addressed not long since, by your lordship to one Pierre Bart."

"And dost call me to account for those words, thou rascal inn-keeper?" demanded the noble, with a threatening gesture.

"Your lordship was pleased to call me traitor, or some such vile epithet, allke undeserved. I have now come to answer—that a troop of riders, in the colors of *Charles le Témeraire*, are but now dismounting in the wood, some five hundred yards distant, and will shortly honor my poor hostelry with their goodly presence."

"Hah!—I am then betrayed!" exclaimed the Frenchman, with a glance of suspicion at his page Alphonse, who quickly responded—

"Hear him, my lord—the good Pierre Bart."

"Speak, then, villain!" cried the noble, scowling at the inn-keeper, and at the same time loosening his sword in its scabbard, as if he meditated some immediate use for it upon the latter's person.

"I am neither villain, traitor, knave, nor rascal," continued Pierre, who maintained a provoking calmness. "But, as there is no longer time to parley, I have but to say to your lordship that I come now, an' it like your good pleasure, to conduct ye safely to a place where ye may lie secure, till my lord the Duke hath left St. Tron. Will it please your excellence to follow me!"

And without stopping for reply, the inn-keeper crossed the floor of the room, to the opposing wall, where appeared the oaken frame of a narrow door. Opening this, he disclosed a small closet, scarce wide enough to contain a suit of knight's armor, and which, apparently, was but the receptacle of a few old crossbows and a brace of boar-spears, with sundry unmatched spurs, all hung against the wall. Pierre Bart, however, stooped to the lowest panel of the open door, and pressing a concealed spring, shot back the entire flooring of the closet, showing an open passage and flight of steps, apparently leading to a vault below. These steps the innkeeper proceeded to descend, without looking back to learn if the noble followed.

Alphonse the page turned to the Lady Margaret, as if to ask if she would precede his master in following the publican, but the daughter anticipated his meaning, and advancing toward the closet, murmured—

"Father! I will go first—that no treachery may befall *thee!*"

The look which accompanied these words was mingled, it might be, with gentle reproach to him who so constantly repulsed her natural affection; but it wrought no effect upon her cruel parent. He but said—

"Go, then!" and with a haughty step followed, while Alphonse gathered up the travelling wallet and the garments which had been put off, and descended last.

As the page disappeared in the vault, a light footstep pressed the threshold of the room, and the inn-keeper's reputed daughter, treading the rushes, crossed the floor, and touched the secret spring of the oaken panel. The flooring noiselessly slid back to its place, and in another moment the maiden had closed the closet door and left the apartment.

CHAPTER V.

ANGELA.

In the hostel-yard a stalwart Swiss groom, Simon Gütt, was bearing two huge buckets of water in his hands. He paused in his progress, and warped his white-bearded mouth into a smile to greet the bright Angela, Pierre Bart's gentle child, who stood before him.

"God save thee, pretty one!"

"May the Virgin keep thee, good Simon!" said the maiden, in quaint reply. "But listen—there are no longer guests in the house! Dost understand, Simon Gütt?"

"Aha! thou meanest that yon troop shall take no prisoners for ransom! Ay, sweet Angel—thy father did but now give me notice, and the steeds are already bestowed safely."

"Down—down!" whispered the maid, archly, pointing to the ground with her little white hand.

"Ay, surely, Angel!" answered the old Switzer, with another grim smile, as he shook his gray locks good-humoredly at Angela, and passed on his way; while the inn-keeper's child proceeded to the drinking-room of the "Blue Boar," not, however, before peeping out through a loop-hole of the great barred gates upon the highway, where was momentarily expected to be seen a troop of Duke Charles's cavalry.

Simon Gütt, the ancient Swiss serritor, knew very well what Angela meant by "down—down," in her pretty way; for he had but just come from certain secret stables of the "Blue Boar" inn, constructed under the ground itself, and capacious enough to conceal safely more than a score of horses, if need be. In those times of peril and mishap, it chanced that worthy Pierre Bart had more than once found occasion to hide both guest and steed, though, indeed, the subterranean stalls were known only to the landlord and his trusty Simon Gütt, save and excepting one other—the little "Angel," as the old Swiss called her—who was indeed supposed to know whatsoever she chose to learn.

The underground accommodations were not, however, entirely artificial in their character, but were no more nor less than the extremity of certain cavernous recesses which undermined the earth to some distance from the hostelry, and opened in a lonely part of the neighboring forest, through the narrow mouth of a cave that overlapped the bed of a dried up torrent, and formed a deep ravine which at that season of the year was usually filled with withered leaves, blown from the denuded trees. Pierre Bart had long ago made discovery of this secret passage, but had never revealed its existence to other than the faithful Swiss and the child Angela; and, though he had used it, on several occasions, to conduct a guest's horse to some distant woodland path, he had been ever wise enough to let the guest himself remain no wiser concerning it. Thus matters stood at this time in the "Blue Boar" hostelry, and thus it was, likewise, that Simon Gütt comprehended what his young mistress meant by "down—down," with her sweet voice and pretty finger.

But the old Swiss trudged his way, and gentle Angela entered, to what would now be styled the "tap-room" of her father's inn. It was a pleasant and cheering room enough, with a substantial fire simmering on the bright hearth, before which two dogs were basking. No rushes strewed the tiled floor; such luxury as that, being limited to the "best" apartment, in which the traveller's breakfast had been served. In one corner of the room was a capacious cask, with spigot ready for withdrawal at the call of a thirsty guest, and ranged upon rude shelves above were drinking-vessels and wooden platters, with now and then a bottle of wine of rarer quality than that contained in the great cask. Upon the wall hung several trophies of the chase—a pair of stag's horns, and two formidable boar's tusks, between which, oddly enough, appeared a brazen crucifix, with the effigy of our Saviour nailed upon it. Two or three solid oaken tables, stained with wine drippings, completed the appointments of the "Blue Boar" drinking-room—but save the two dogs, which rose and stretched themselves at Angela's approach, no animate object was there till the young girl entered.

"Get thee away—be quiet, Fidele!" exclaimed the maiden, repressing the ardent manifestations of a graceful hound, which sprang to meet her, while his companion, a shaggy dog of mountain breed, and enormous bulk, contented himself with a grave wagging of his tail, as he settled upon his haunches and looked up at her sunny face. Fidele, contented with a friendly pat, presently assumed a couchant attitude, watching his mistress with his large, moist eyes, while Angela seated herself on a low stool beside the fire.

"Ah, me! the Virgin have that poor lady in care!" murmured the young girl, "I marvel that she should kiss me so heartily! And this—my father must tell me whether I dare keep so beautiful a gift!" Saying this, she drew from her bosom a small, gold heart, in the centre of which was set a costly diamond. The heart itself might be an amulet, or, perhaps, a blessed reliquary, she thought, but would Pierre Bart permit her to retain so rich an ornament to wear on feast-days to the chapel of St. Tron. It was a reflection that mingled with the recollection of those hurried kisses which the stranger had pressed upon her lips and cheeks; and somehow, as she pondered, a marvellous sympathy for the pale lady began to agitate the child of Pierre Bart, until, very soon, bright drops gathered in her radiant eyes, and fell in quick showers upon the golden heart she held within her hand. The greyhound rose and whined, in wonder at such signs of grief from the merry-hearted maid, and Pierre Bart, who now entered the room, paused affrighted at the sight of his darling weeping bitterly.

"My sweet—my Angel—what ails thee, little one!" cried the inn-keeper, hurriedly approaching her.

Angela looked up, dashed her fair hand across her tearful eyes, and smiled through the misty gaze which she bid upon Pierre Bart's broad breast.

"My father—my dear father! I am so foolish to weep thus! Forgive!"

"Forgive, little one? What aileth thee?"

"I but thought, dear father, of the poor, sick lady, who did kiss me when she awoke; and, look, Pierre Bart!—she did press this golden heart in my hand, even as the angry gentleman parted us so rudely."

"Ha!" cried the publican, taking the trinket from Angela, "and the lady gave thee this? And thou hast been weeping? And thou dost pity the strange lady? And—"

But suddenly Pierre Bart felt his own eyes grow dim, and ere he could conceal them, big tears rolled down upon his brown cheeks. It was strange indeed that such emotion should agitate father and child. But the inn-keeper's thoughts were not then dwelling upon the present; they wandered far back, through a long lapse of years.

Angela grew alarmed at Pierre Bart's tears, and clasping her hands together, murmured,

"Dear father! dear Pierre Bart! hath Angela offended thee? The Virgin guard me! have I done wrong to take the lady's gift?"

"Listen, my child! Thou hast a little cross, that thy mother—my lost wife—gave to thee, to wear closely in thy bosom?"

"'Tis here, my father! Look!" answered the maiden, drawing from beneath her boddice, a small ebony cross, attached to the ribbon which she wore around her neck.

"That is well, my Angela! It was the gift of my poor, lost wife, Lisette. Take now this locket, the token of the strange lady's kisses upon thy lovely face, and wear it upon thy ribbon, even with the cross; and may the twain be amulets betokening good to all thy future!" Saying this, Pierre Bart returned the gold trinket to his child's hand.

"And now," continued the publican, tenderly pushing back the golden hair from Angela's face, and pressing a fervent kiss upon her fair forehead; "now, child o' mine, haste thee to apparel thyself, for I would have thee straightway go with me to thy uncle's mill."

"Ah! to mine Uncle Jean!" cried the maid, clapping her hands joyfully. "But—must I hide this pretty heart beneath my boddice?" she asked, with a mirthful glance at the golden casket, which in girlish vanity she would fain display to other eyes than her own.

"And why not, Angel? Thou hast a richer heart than that hid beneath thy homely boddice," replied Pierre Bart, smiling. "And thou knowest, 'tis not seemly that rich ornaments should be worn by—a publican's child."

Pierre Bart's voice faltered as he uttered the last words, and a shade stole over Angela's brow.

"Oh—oh!" she said, with a sigh—"always thus, father! always publican's child! Methinks the world should mind its own matters, and trouble not us so much!"

"But child, there be evil tongues everywhere; and plundering hands, moreover, that might well trouble Pierre Bart, an' he made show of that which he hath not—riches!"

Angela smiled faintly, for she well knew that the worthy inn-keeper was not so poor as he professed to be, and that, indeed, (did he choose,) he might spare more than enough for twenty golden lockets from the hoard of bright crowns which he kept hid away beneath the hostelry; the savings of a life time of thrift, and not a little the fruit of rather immoderate charges presented to the patient, travelling public. But, though a spice of avarice entered largely into

CHARLES THE RASH AND PIERRE BART.

the composition of the provident Swiss, he was, nevertheless, a most indulgent parent to the young Angela: and it was this reflection which now came to her mind, and quickly caused her to hide the cross and heart together in her bosom, while she whispered, in a loving tone,

"*Thou* knowest I have the pretty heart, father!"

"Ay—ay—thou angel-hearted one!" exclaimed the Swiss, with another kiss, and a new tear dropped upon the child's cheek. "But—hasten! let us to thy uncle's mill."

At this moment, however, a loud clashing was heard without, and suddenly Simon Gütt appeared at the door and said,

"The soldiers are here, in the blue of Burgundy! Even now, Bart, they knock loudly at the postern."

"And thou wilt straightway ope wide the gate, Simon," replied the inn-keeper. "Haste, Angela, and make ready, as I desired thee, while I greet yon ruffling band, lest they be angered at our tardiness."

Angela disappeared through a side door that opened from the drinking-room to a passage leading through the stables to the opposite or dwelling portion of the building; for the drinking-room itself was a sort of corner of the out-houses, with which and the closed gate, it formed a right angle opposite the guests' apartments. Pierre Bart betook himself to the yard, into which, as Simon threw back the gate, a company of gayly-dressed cavaliers were now guiding their steeds.

"How now, fellow! why were we kept waiting?" exclaimed the leader to Pierre Bart, as he made his appearance.

"In times like this it becomes poor publicans to be cautious," answered the inn-keeper, with a low bow, as he noticed, by the lofty bearing of the personage who addressed him, and the deference paid by the others, that he must be a man of superior rank.

"Ay—caution! I doubt me, it may be another name for treason in times like these," said the cavalier, slightly mimicking the inn-keeper's manner. "But answer, knave! Swearest thou by the cross of St. Andrew, or by the pale, straight crozier of the French?"

"It is the cross of St. Andrew that marks the inn of Pierre Bart," replied the publican—"though I say not so to the men of Liege!"

"Hah! a shrewd knave!" said the other, as he gave his hand to one of his companions, and leaped lightly, though in full knight's armor, to the ground. "If thou be loyal to Burgundy, my good host, it shall be no worse for thee. Now give to us thy best of meat and wine, and make no reckoning: for, by St. George! the captains of Charles do ever make quits in advance with friend or foe." Saying this the Burgundian flung a purse at the feet of Pierre Bart, who, quickly taking it up, saw that it was filled with golden crowns. Whether, indeed, this stimulant to alacrity were needed or not, it is certain that both Simon Gütt and his master, as well as the grooms who presently appeared, bestirred themselves with most notable good will in making arrangements for the comfort of their soldier guests. The somewhat jaded steeds of the cavaliers were speedily bestowed in freshly littered stalls, and the best wine of the "Blue Boar" was soon served forth upon the oaken tables of the drinking-room, whither the strangers followed their well-pleased host.

Pierre Bart well knew that his guests must be leaders of rank in the Burgundian army: and, as the eye of the shrewd Switzer dwelt upon the fine proportions and proud bearing of the one who had tossed him the purse, he more than suspected that in him he beheld the redoubtable Charles the Rash himself. His surmises presently became certainties, when he saw that though all the others removed their steel caps as they entered the house, the subject of his scrutiny alone continued covered, and moreover, that all the others remained standing till he had seated himself at one of the tables.

"This is either a great Burgundian lord, or it is the violent Duke himself," soliloquized Pierre Bart. "I would wager a bottle of the wine he hath paid me for, that it is truly his grace of Burgundy!" With these reflections the publican busied himself in pouring out the wine.

CHAPTER VI.

CHARLES LE TEMERAIRE.

Duke Charles the Rash lacked but the title of "King" to make him equal in pretensions to Louis XI. of France; for his possessions were royal in extent and opulence. Besides his own duchy of Burgundy, and Franche Comptè, the impregnable seat of his house, environed by mountains, the young Prince held sovereignty over the domains of Hainault and Guelders, and the territories of Holland and Flandere, then commonly called the Low Countries, and now the Netherlands. These latter possessions included the wealthy cities of Ghent, Liege, and Bruges; and it was while keeping court at the last-mentioned place that Charles received intelligence of the machinations of Louis XI. which had caused the revolt of Flemish towns upon the French border. It was but the work of a moment for the alert duke to call together his neighboring forces, and place them in motion at once toward the revolted district. In a day's forced march he was at Brussels, where he called his nobles together for counsel, and as speedily dismissed them with the cry "To horse!" At this crisis an ambassador from the King of France arrived, and craved an audience. It was the Constable St. Pal.

The Count de Saint Pal was one of those soldiers of fortune to whom the commotions of revolution and civil war brought fame and honor. A petty noble, with scarce revenues enough from his lands, to keep in repair his armor and support a man-at-arms, the count had linked himself with the cause of the Count de Charolais, when the *League for the Public Good* was entered into by the barons of France. The termination of the contest, during which Saint Pal had rendered efficient service (having the good fortune to save his leader from imminent peril at the battle of Montlhery,) placed Louis XI. in such straits that he was forced to grant all the demands of his feudatories; and Count de Saint Pal received, for his share of the advantages, the sword of Constable of France. Since then he had remained faithful to his new patron, in the character of whose envoy he now appeared before his former leader.

"Well, sir!—well, my lord constable!" exclaimed Charles, in his hurried way: "what would the king—your master?"

"Let me first avow my love and long cherished gratitude to him who was my noble leader, the Count de Charolais, and whom all men now know as Charles, the victorious Duke of Burgundy," said the Ambassador, dismounting from his horse, and bowing as if he would kiss the stirrup of Charles, who sat upright in his saddle.

"Tut, man! I like not too much of this!" returned the Duke of Burgundy, in a contemptuous tone, and scarcely glancing at the humiliated constable—"what says the king, thy master?"

"I have ridden at speed from Paris, noble Duke of Burgundy, and I bear that to your grace, which is for the ear of your grace alone!" answered the constable, with a motion of his head towards the surrounding nobles.

"Gentlemen, stand apart!" said Charles; and, as his suite immediately widened their circle, the Duke sprang from his saddle, and bent his ear to listen to the envoy of France. The communication did not, apparently, surprise him.

"So my good cousin Louis will abandon Liege to its fate? He will not send succor to the wretched tradesmen whom he has seduced from their allegiance? He will leave them to the mercy of their tyrant—Charles of Burgundy?"

"Even so, your grace—on the condition named."

"That I break faith with Brittany—that I, Charles, will abandon Francis, my sworn ally, and deliver to King Louis, his brother, whom he hates, my namesake, Charles of Berri?"

"By withdrawing support from Duke Francis of Brittany, your grace will deprive the Duke de Berri of his protector, and, of course—"

"Of course, the Duke de Berri will fall into the hands of his good brother, your master; and, of course, we know what might then happen to him. Now, look you, Constable of France—"

"I await your grace's answer!"

"Go back to King Louis, and bear these words from Charles of Burgundy:—The people of Liege are now in arms, incited by the agents of France! I shall give battle to them before three days are passed. If I lose, I know right well the King of France will pursue his schemes; but if I gain the day, I know he will allow Brittany to rest in peace. Adieu, sir!"

Then, with no other word to the constable, Duke Charles sprang once more to his saddle, and, in a moment more, followed by his chiefs, was galloping from Brussels, to join his army on its march.

The route from Brussels to Liege—in modern days traversed by a flying army, from the field where Gallic empire fell in blood—was at the time of which we speak, one of the best of the highways of Flanders. A level and conveniently broad road, overlapping the romantic banks of the Meuse, skirting the forests, and winding along the base of great precipices; sometimes, indeed, crossing perilous-looking shelves of basaltic rock, but generally smooth, and free from danger, conducted, much as at the present time, from the plain now known as Waterloo to the ancient Flemish town called Liege. In its course it curved beneath the strong-built towers of Huy, and the environs of Namur, and penetrated the valley of the Meuse, on either side of which slept smiling plains, and in whose dells were nestled quiet villages, with white-walled convents and little chapels gleaming through embowering forests, or starting into view on ledges of the cloven hills. The heights, at intervals, were crowned with castellated dwellings, the mountain fastnesses of wild lords, who fared better upon the plunder won in forays, than upon the harvests gathered by their wretched serfs, dwelling and toiling in the vales beneath. Over these picturesque highways Charles the Rash and his knights pursued their route, until, at eventime, they reached the army, which had halted for refreshment and repose.

The hasty levies of Duke Charles presented no very formidable array of positive force; but the novelty of their arms and equipments, as well as the number of distinctive pennons, showed that the military vassals and nobles of Burgundy had answered with alacrity the summons of their suzerain. There were in the camp of Louvain that night representatives of all the provinces over which Charles bore sway, as well as detachments of allied bands and hired mercenaries. The gentry of Franche Comptè, mounted on black steeds, with housings of blue, the colors of Burgundy: the men-at-arms of Picardy, with broad-bladed lances; archers from the Rhenish borders, with cross-bows, and long, keen-bladed knives; Bretons, well-mounted and appointed; together with free companies of Italians and Lorrainers, who carried

arbalists so powerful that the strings must needs be drawn by the blow of a battle-axe which every archer bore at his girdle;—these formed the material on which the brunt of battle was to depend, while men-at-arms from the cities, and retainers from the country estates of Burgundian and Flemish nobles, made up the lighter-armed and less reliable portion of this speedily-mustered army of scarce eight thousand men, with which Duke Charles advanced against the Hasbain, choosing rather to hazard speedy battle than to await the arrival of reinforcements from vassals and allies not yet collected together.

A night's rest, which indeed brought no sleep to Charles, who passed it in arranging plans for his future action, prepared the motley army of Burgundy for another forced march. In the meantime, certain pieces of artillery, which had reached Louvain during the night, were placed on rude carts, and hurried to the van. This arm of warfare, in which, during the preceding half century, the French Bureaux of Ordnance had made great improvements, was relied on by Charles to do good service against the rebellious cities, which he threatened; and, indeed, the following night witnessed culverins and other cumbrous pieces, together with almost unwieldy trucks, on which they were roughly limbered, ranged in positions that commanded the approaches to St. Tron, and menaced with speedy assault the walls of Liege itself.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECRET QUARTERS.

The day began to wear space, while the Burgundian cavaliers, who had evidently halted from a fatiguing march, now solaced themselves with the good viands and wines of the "Blue Boar." Pierre Bart no longer doubted concerning the rank of his principal guest; for, after a sparing indulgence at the table, that personage had risen hastily, and calling the publican aside, addressed him in the tone of one accustomed to command—

"What is thy name?"

"Pierre Bart."

"Thy country?"

"Switzerland."

"Hah!" The cavalier paused, as if some great thought suddenly filled his mind, and remained, for a moment, apparently musing upon matters foreign to what he was about to say. Then, recovering himself, he continued, with a keen glance which seemed to penetrate the inn-keeper's very thoughts, "Switzerland! then should'st be loyal! The Swiss are faithful;—how sayest thou, are they not?"

"Where they love, and—"

"Are well paid," interrupted the Burgundian.

"Nay!" returned the Swiss—I did mean other than that; though, in sooth, my lord, the Switzer, like the Scot, sells his steel too oft for gold!"

"Ay! the Scot!" muttered the Burgundian. "The French King knows that, and profits by it." This was in allusion to the fact that Louis XI. had lately surrounded himself with a guard of Scotch knights and men-at-arms. "But what more want the Swiss, when they love?"

"That they be treated well," answered the publican; and his speech seemed to strike the Burgundian forcibly.

"Well, knave, since thou art a Switzer, and art, moreover, loyal to Burgundy, I will e'en make free with thy hostelry for the short time that I tarry near these rascal tradesmen of Liege. Make ready, then, such lodging as thou can'st for this troop o' mine, and give me a soldier's service with the rest. And, hark ye—"

"I attend, my lord."

"Let no prying varlet presume to leave thy house; for I will straightway have guards set without, that none shall pass without the Duke's permission. There be spies and traitors, God wot, and it behooves that thy Swiss quality of 'caution' display itself at this season, my good host. Let, now, a chamber be found where I may speedily have privacy."

Pierre Bart hastened to obey the command of his guest, who he could not now doubt was the Duke himself, and the worthy inn-keeper felicitated himself that he had betimes a friend among the much dreaded Burgundians; for he had heard grievous tales of Charles's anger—how it was sudden and deadly as lightning upon those who offended him—as well as that his friendship, once gained, insured protection for its object. The choice of the "Blue Boar" hostelry as the Duke's head-quarters insured him protection from any marauding bands that might present themselves, and the token of Burgundian liberality which he had already received, a well-filled purse, satisfied mine host that he should be no loser pecuniarily by keeping in the good graces of Charles. With much readiness, therefore, he obeyed the orders of his guest, and disposed the Burgundian retinue in comfortable lodgings, while the "best room," with its rush-covered floor, was appropriated to the leader. This arranged, Pierre Bart found leisure to think of the guests he had conceived, as likewise to signify to Angela that their proposed errand to the miller, her uncle, must be postponed till the night had fallen. This was made necessary because of the sentinels posted around the tavern, to prevent any egress without the Duke's knowledge; though to Pierre Bart the precaution mattered little, possessed, as he was, of the knowledge of that subterranean passage which conducted to the thick wood beyond the line of outposts that marked the van of the army.

Meanwhile, Charles the Rash, for the publican was not wrong in his conjecture as to the rank of his chief guest, had left the knights to their carousal, and with a few trusty nobles retired to his own room, there to arrange concerning the siege of St. Tron, which place his army had invested during the preceding night. In an hour afterwards, the Duke was once more in his saddle, giving orders to a score of his lords, and despatching rapid messages to those who conducted the operations of his army. Thenceforward, during the afternoon, bustle reigned in and about the "Blue Boar," riders going and returning from the extended lines of the besiegers—frequent and earnest conferences between the Duke and his confidants, and the general turmoil of a military post, changing the lately quiet hostelry to a scene of active life. The grim men-at-arms, posted as sentinels, kept narrow watch at the same time, challenging all who passed by a secret word which the Duke himself had given out. The advance guard of the men of Franche-Comté were likewise in the neighborhood, having pitched their tents at the edges of the wood, while the entire line of the army, with its artillery, stretched across a wide plain, bordered on one side by the swamps that surrounded St. Tron, and extending to the banks of the Meuse river, which, further down, washed the walls of Liege.

Pierre Bart soon found that the "Blue Boar" was no longer in possession of its owner, but that archers and men-at-arms, as well as knights, were disposed to make themselves quite at home in larder and cellar. Simon Gütt and the grooms found their occupation gone, inasmuch as the servitors of the Burgundian lords took care that their masters' steeds should be trusted to no stranger hands; so the old Swiss was deputed by the publican to attend the calls of the guests, while Pierre took the first opportunity to seek his protegés, the Frenchman and his daughter, with their youthful follower. He did not need, on this occasion, to pass through the "best room," which, indeed, had been temporarily occupied by Charles of Burgundy; but, entering the stables, proceeded to the granary where was stored the provender, and there, opening one of the bins half-filled with bags of grain, disclosed to his own practised eye a concealed passage, connecting, like the other, with the vaults below. Descending a few steps, the inn-keeper reached a dry cellar, at the extremity of which, lighted by small apertures in the mason-work above, were several wide arches, the foundation of the hostelry. These arches were of massy proportions, and constructed with great solidity, for they had once sustained a different building from Pierre Bart's humble tavern, which, in truth, was built in part of the ruined materials that had formed an ancient keep, dismantled and razed to the earth in some fierce feud of a century or two before. Its excavations, walled and cemented, had doubtless in past days been used as dungeons for unhappy captives, even as the subterranean passage to the forest had served for secret expeditions of the robber chieftains who possessed the fortress. But whatever were the character and habits of those who used these vaults in former times, Pierre Bart knew and cared very little for them. He had found the tavern there, and afterwards, by accident, become aware of its underground capacities, which knowledge he kept shrewdly to himself; though, so far as a simple concealment was required, he had more than once shared it with a guest. This, indeed, involved no discovery, inasmuch as the apartments in which the travellers were now secure, were but basements of the main building, while the vaults beneath the stables, as well as the passage to the wood, were wholly distinct, and communicated with the main building by a method known only to Pierre Bart, his faithful Simon Gütt, and the girl Angela, in whose discretion, young as she was, the inn-keeper had unbounded confidence.

Pierre Bart, as he passed the arches, delayed a moment to notice that several horses, which were tethered to rings set in the wall, were well supplied with grain, and straw for litter—though, indeed, he felt assured that Simon Gütt had well cared for the beasts. Then, passing to a narrow niche, apparently cut in the rock, he pressed forcibly against the edges, when in an instant, the entire block out of which the aperture was hewn, revolved as on a pivot, and carried the inn-keeper, who stood on its base within the niche, completely to the other side of the masonry that divided the two sections of the vaults. Stepping, then, from the niche, Pierre Bart found himself in another dry and ceiled passage, at the end of which was an oaken door. This he opened with a key which he drew from his doublet, and before him there stood the page Alphonse.

"My lord hath been impatiently expecting you," said the page.

The publican entered a large and comfortable apartment, with a fire blazing upon its ample hearth. It was one of three that connected, the interior of which was rather a small closet at the foot of the stairs descending from the cupboard in the "best room." On a low leather-covered couch, beside a table, on which was burning an iron lamp, reposed the Lady Margaret—not sleeping, however, for she started nervously as the inn-keeper approached; and in a chair, near by, sat bolt upright her father, with the perpetual sneering curve upon his thin lips.

The old man raised his eyes, as Pierre Bart drew near, regarding him steadfastly.

"Well, my lord chatelain of this subterranean castle—how long are we to wait your high mercy to relieve us from our durance?"

These words were spoken without a smile, or any manifestation of jocularity. They seemed prompted alone by the habitual cynicism of the speaker.

Pierre Bart replied, without any effort to conceal his dislike of the querist—

"Truly, my lord, the chateau's gates are open, if it pleases your excellence to meet the soldiers of his grace the Duke."

"They surround the house, then!"

"They are posted at all points, within and without, and it is his grace's orders that—"

Pierre Bart paused.

"Well, sirrah—what wouldst say?"

"I but mean that the cavalier who commandeth the men-at-arms that are lodged within the "Blue Boar," hath given orders that none have passage without his—I mean the Duke's—permission.

"Hah! Then the Duke is here? Answer me, knave!—am I right!" cried the guest, hurriedly. "Hast seen the Duke! Is the Burgundian himself here?"

Pierre Bart thought it might be from apprehension that the French noble appeared agitated; so he hastened to relieve him of fear.

"There is no danger, my lord; for these vaults are known but to my own trusty household. The Duke of Burgundy cannot enter here."

"But he is within thy hostelry, knave?"

"I say not yea nor nay," returned Pierre Bart, bluntly; "I am not used to ask the rank of all who harbor in my house."

"*Vertu Dieu!* sirrah!" said the Frenchman; "I will take care that one, at least, harbors not with thee again—to burrow in thy cellar till it please my lord of Burgundy to change his quarters." Then, with a scowl, he continued—"Ah! *maudit!* I am in a trap, am I not?—and Burgundian cats watching without? Go, sirrah! let wine and lights be sent hither! and see to it that I know speedily when the Red Cross vanishes." Saying this, the Frenchman relapsed into moody silence.

Pierre Bart turned to a closet in the vaulted room, and opening it, disclosed to the page Alphonse that food and wine, as well as tapers, were stored there in abundance. Then, with a commiserating glance at the Lady Margaret, he was about to withdraw, when the Frenchman spoke again, in his apparently unmeaning way—

"What child was that—the wench to whom my lady yonder took a strange fancy? Is it thine, publican?"

Pierre Bart fancied that the lady shuddered as the old man spoke.

"In sooth, my lord—she knows no other father," replied the inn-keeper, evasively.

"Ah! she will be a proper wife for one of thy fellows, some day—see that she hath a thrifty knave; and that her fair face spoil not before marriage. What say'st, Margaret? Would'st be god-mother of the wench's first babe? Thou wert marvellously taken with her!"

Pierre Bart was about to reply in no measured words, for he felt insulted by the sneer of his guest, but he caught a sudden glance from the lady that seemed to say she understood his feelings and entreated their suppression; so he contented himself with murmuring—

"God bless all who love Angela!" and turned toward the door. Ere he departed, however, he saw that Margaret had risen to her feet, and with uplifted hands was standing before the old man, while her lips seemed to shape a response to the words he had just uttered—

"God bless all who love Angela!"

"Of a truth the lady is unhappy!" said the publican, as he locked the oaken door behind him. "And her sire—if sire he be—is a tyrant, I do surely believe. But—Angela—say!—she must be protected!" Then retracing his passage, by the revolving niche and through the granary, Pierre Bart reached once more the hostel-yard, where the Burgundian men-at-arms, archers and messengers, were still attending the frequent orders of their chief.

The hours wore on till nightfall before the inn-keeper could put into execution the resolution he had taken to visit his brother-in-law the miller. In order to do this without suspicion, he represented to the guest who occupied his "best room," that he desired to obtain meal for the stables, and craved a safe-guard in order to pass the sentinels. The request was granted, though with stern injunctions on the part of the chief, that he should keep silence regarding all that he had seen; and, armed with the countersign, Pierre Bart quickly directed Angela to leave the hostelry by means of the subterranean passage which conducted to the middle of the wood, while he himself mounted a shaggy Norman horse, and ambled quietly out of the yard.

To Angela, the bright-haired maiden, the secret outlet was familiar, inasmuch as she had often threaded it to visit her uncle's mill, which was situated at the farther skirts of the forest. She soon found herself at the foot of the stairs that descended from the granary, and there lighting a taper, followed a labyrinth of narrow walled passages, until she reached the hollow recesses that undermined the woodland. They were lonesome and damp, those caverns, and as Angela tripped along, her little heart beating audibly, the light of the taper which she bore cast great shadows on the rocky walls, that seemed like phantoms following her footsteps. But the maiden murmured an *Ave Maria*, kissing the little cross which she took from her bosom; and thus reassured and fortified, pressed steadily on till a glimmer of light in the distance showed her the mouth or entrance to the caverns, whereinto the last rays of sunset were feebly penetrating. Gaining this, she cautiously emerged, and descending a narrow ledge, entered the ancient torrent bed, and trod its dry leaves that were whirled in hillocks on either side. On the shelving bank of this ravine Pierre Bart stood, beside his gray Norman pony.

"Bless my little angel!" said the inn-keeper, reaching out his hand, and lifting the maiden to the pony's back, while he mounted quickly in front.

Angela laughingly crossed her arms around his rotund form, and presently the pony was trotting briskly through the broad aisles of the ancient forest. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1857.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined: "A Few Words About Dogs;" "To R——."

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The notes of all solvent banks will be taken in payment of subscriptions to THE POST—although, of course, we *prefer* gold or silver.

Subscribers who find a difficulty in getting anything under a five dollar note to remit, should bear in mind that we send the paper three years for five dollars. All should also remember that in times like these, it is better to subscribe to an old and firmly established paper like THE POST, which a "crisis" in the money market scarcely affects, than to papers of a more transient and less reliable character.

A GREEN METEOR.—On the morning of Saturday last, about 18 minutes after six o'clock, it being daylight, we saw a green meteor fall through the Southern sky. Green meteors may not be uncommon, but as we do not remember to have read of such an one, we make this note. The color was that of a brilliant green flame, and very beautiful.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 186—Adults 85, and children 101.

THE BANKING SYSTEM.

We have received the following letter relative to the Banking System, which we cheerfully lay before the readers of THE POST:—

MR. EDITOR:—I have just read in your paper of the 31st ult., an editorial on the subject of Specie and Paper. I pass over your statements of the relative amount of specie and paper in the banks, and begin where it appears you offer an argument in favor of the latter. You say: "It does not occur to many people, that one weighty reason why all communities do not use gold and silver alone for currency, is because they are very costly." I cannot conceive that the mere value of our coin is any well-grounded objection to it as a currency. For surely we do not want a currency that costs comparatively nothing, to represent that which costs much labor and is valuable? If one dollar of gold should represent say sixteen times as much property as it now does, would its cost make any difference? You say, "If you wish gold for currency, you must buy it." Of course, it is proper we should buy it; but when we give the products of the soil, or of our shops, which costs much labor and is valuable, it is right that we should get in return an article that costs something, and is valuable, too.

You object to "locking up our means in a circulating medium, if anything less costly can do the same work." True, this argument would do pretty well, if it were not that the past, as well as the present pressure not only proves that a worthless or fictitious currency *does not* answer as well as that which is valuable, because it cannot give reliability and permanency to commercial operations, and is the very cause of our expansion and pressure.

Now, suppose we had not a dollar of paper in the United States, would not the $63,000,000 in the banks represent all our property, and would it not be as valuable to us as a representative? I refer to your own words to prove this—"the $113,000,000 of surplus paper money, the first cost of which is comparatively nothing,"—meaning, I suppose, the cost of paper, printing signing, &c.

The *expansion* of so large an amount of fictitious currency does not produce these direful effects; it is the *contraction* which is sure to follow. And shall an enlightened community, influenced by personal interest, still advocate a system that brings about such ruinous effects as we have upon us now?

The question arises what ought to be done to correct this great evil? If we go to those immediately connected with banking, who realize a large income, (and they are usually a wealthy and influential class,) they would say, Banking is our means of living, and we do not wish to oppose it. If we go to the debtors (and they are many), they wish money made cheaper, so that they may obtain it at a cheap rate, and get out easier. And the speculator, to have an abundance, so that he may obtain plenty. Therefore we must apply to that class who constitute the bone and sinew of our country, who are opposed to a fictitious currency, and advocate a different sort of financiering. And although they are not so well acquainted with the intricate subject of banking, yet I feel assured if they understood well its system, its practical operation, they would be decidedly opposed to it. Turn your thoughts for a moment over the history of the heavy losses the people have sustained by various banks, even within twenty-five years, and then inquire if those losses have not fallen mainly upon the industrious and honest class, whilst many who contributed to bring them about are all safe.

And now as to losing the $6,000,000 of interest you speak of. Who would lose it? Why, the banks, and they ought to lose it, or rather ought not to make it. And why? Because, as you say, it cost comparatively nothing, and the people ought to save or not pay it, because it is an interest upon a fictitious amount.

I cannot but think every candid and reflecting mind will say that it is impolitic, and may I not say unjust, too, to legalize and permit the capitalist and shrewd classes to wield such a power and advantage at the expense of the laboring classes, and, indeed, the public generally. It is evident that the banks can, and do, very soon bring about just such financial distress as we are suffering *now*, and equally so that they afford no permanent remedy or means to extricate us from it. They may extend the time, or give us present relief, by loaning us more, but this only increases the debt, and they do not, any more than others, forgive the debt. I am clearly of the opinion that the granting to a bank, or any institution, the privilege of issuing three paper promises for one dollar they own, is wrong in principle, and ruinous in its practical effects.

Will any one pretend to say that if we had for (say) fifty years operated alone upon a metallic currency as a medium, that we would have such a panic upon us—that we would now be indebted to Europe over one quarter the present amount, or that so many contracts for hogs, wheat, lands, &c., &c., would have been entered into at high prices, which likely will prove the ruin of many? Surely not. The system is not reliable or permanent, and therefore the public are liable to, and are deceived by the state of things that may for the time exist; and therefore "the permanency and reliability" of our currency is a very important point. It is true it would operate hard upon the debtor, to reduce our currency to a metallic one, but it should be very gradual, and require perhaps forty years to do it. If we were all out of debt, $63,000,000 would represent or regulate prices as well as $376,000,000, and it would make no difference with us if all our transactions were once regulated by this amount.

I think our expanded prices in our operations with Europe have been a great advantage to them and an injury to us. It has tended to increase the price of labor, the raw material, breadstuffs, machinery, lands, &c., and therefore we could not produce at as low a price, and hence they could send here and undersell us.—But suppose, with a metallic currency, we could produce the same article for one-half its present value, would there be such a demand for *importations*? and, on the other hand, would it not increase the demand for *exportations*? And is not this the system that mainly enriches one nation and impoverishes another? And to accomplish this should be our great aim, as well as to give permanency and reliability to prices; and let the scarcity or abundance of produce, or the raw material, bring about an increase or decrease of prices. For the community would then be warned of this in time, and could judge pretty well how to operate accordingly. S. G. MOORE.

Franklin, Ky.

We have also received another letter, somewhat similar in tenor to the above, from Mr. Ferguson, of Newark, Del. Mr. Ferguson, however, is emphatically "down" upon Railroads, as well as upon Banks. He says he can get his grain sent from Christiana to Philadelphia, for two cents a bushel—we infer by water—while the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad will not take it under *seven* cents, and "they don't care whether he sends it or not." Mr. F. thinks railroads are a "great nuisance." They "run through farms, kill the stock, and refuse redress," &c. As to Banks, Mr. F. in 1836, put $2,000 in the Maryland Savings Institution, $2,000 more in the Bank of Maryland, and bought besides twelve shares of stock in "your marble U. S. Bank, in Chestnut street." Mr. F. continues his experiences as follows:—

Well, what do you think I got for my $1,200. It blowed up—I kept the certificate for five years—got tired waiting, sent it up to a broker, and he sent me down $30,00, and took three dollars off—just as much as if he had sold it at par, (*that was one of them*). Well, the next was the Bank of Maryland; it blowed up also. I sold to a man that owed the Bank, and got $500 for the $2,000. The next was the *Saving* Bank; it blowed up also; I got for it $200—and if I had kept it two weeks longer, I would have got nothing at all. The above are facts that I can prove by plenty of neighbors yet living. It is very probable that it will just be the same thing now, when all things come to light.

In answer to the above letters, we may state, in the first place, that both Messrs. Moore and Ferguson are considerably in error, if they suppose we are going to take up the cudgels at length in favor of the Banking System. In the weekly consideration of the events of the last three months, we have naturally let fall some of our own notions upon banking in general, paper money, the intrinsic value of the precious metals, &c.—but as to erecting ourselves into a champion of the Banks and Paper Money, we have not the remotest idea of doing anything of the kind. "What's Hecuba to us, or we to Hecuba?" We own no Bank stock, and do not expect to own any. We have very few favors to ask from those Institutions. We do a cash business, as near as possible, and advise every other person, that can, to do the same thing. A large portion of the competition to which we are subjected, is due to that very Credit system of which the banks are one representative. Individuals, without any capital, have been getting up newspapers for the last ten years; promising the community not only a better paper than we can make, but sometimes in addition, fine gold watches, mansions in the Fifth Avenue, extensive farms, and various other desirable things, all for two dollars a year in advance. While, were it not for the Credit System, in most cases these generous gentlemen would not be able to buy the white paper for their first issue. It is very likely—is it not?—such being the case—that we, firm believers in cash payments, are going to take upon our back the championship of the Banking, or any other Credit system. "What's Hecuba to us," we repeat; "or we to Hecuba?"

A few comments, however, we will make upon our correspondents' letters, more because they seem to desire it, and as doing the civil thing towards them, than for any other reason. We have our private opinions upon the subject of Banking, as they have theirs—but we have journeyed beyond that point, when men get excited because their views are not concurred in by people generally. If the people of these United States decide upon maintaining the Banking system, we shall be well satisfied—though we think said system would be much the better and safer for some judicious amendments. If they decide to abolish all Banks of Issue, and return, as it is termed, to the "constitutional currency of gold and silver," we shall not complain: in fact, we do not know but that we should like to see the experiment tried. It would have the charm of novelty, if no other—and we know that we should be no worse off, if it resulted badly, than the masses of our fellow citizens. We find this a very comfortable state of mind, in which to await the progress of events; and are not inclined to excite ourselves out of it. But to return to our correspondents.

Mr. Moore admits the increased cost of an exclusively specie currency, but says it is worth what it costs. We do not care about discussing that question; our only object was to call the attention of our readers to the fact that specie does cost more—as the reason why paper money so abounded.

"Would not the $63,000,000 of coin, supposing we had no paper, *represent* all our property?" No. Suppose we had only five dollars in the country—coin, or paper, or both—it would not "represent" all our property, and be worth the whole of it. Money does not "represent" the property of a country, in that sense. The money in a country is probably never worth the other property—real and personal—of the country. The amount of coin in the country, however, is much more than $63,000,000—that is only the amount in the Banks.

But the six millions of interest saved yearly by using paper instead of coin is "made by the Banks," says Mr. Moore. Well, whenever the *country* makes or saves money, some class is apt first to get it. If the country makes money by the rise of wheat or cotton—the farmer or planter first gets the advantage of it. But we say, in common language, that the country makes it, because, in a large sense, the gain of one is the gain of all. If the Banks make six millions by saving it to the country, the stockholders of the banks, of course, first pocket that amount. We never were a stockholder of any bank, but we suppose that as a whole they are a tolerably decent set of men, women and children, generally belonging to the middle-classes of society. The question therefore really is, not *who* makes the six millions—but is it *really made*, or *saved* to the country, and not merely *plundered* by one set of our people from the others.

The argument against the Banking system based upon its losses, seems to us to prove too much. Has there been anything like the loss by Banks within the last five years, that there has been by Railroads? Store-keeping is a terribly uncertain business too—almost as liable to failure as Railroads and Banking, is it not? What business is not uncertain where *Trust* and *Credit* are involved? Even in Farming, some men manage to lose a great deal of money. Altogether, this is a very uncertain world, very; and we are not sure but that the irritable old gentleman was right, when he answered the Millerite that he was "glad" it was going to be destroyed—he thought it, for his part, "a great *failure*."

It depends, in our opinion, very much upon the amount of sagacity, sobriety, and honesty in any community, whether any form of the Credit System will prove an advantage to it, or can be safely carried on in it. In proportion to the absence of these qualities, we think, must men come down to cash payments and hard money.

We do not think either the Credit system or the Banks bear hardly upon the laboring classes particularly. In fact, we think the poorer classes are the ones that derive most benefit from them. The man of means can get along without either, and generally would do best by not meddling with either. So it seems to us. But if the laboring classes think otherwise, they are able to have it otherwise. And experiment would test the matter conclusively.

The above answers apply to the material portions, we think, of both letters. We reply briefly, because we have neither the space nor time to discuss the Banking System fully in these columns. In fact, we had said all we had expected to say upon the subject, when our correspondents' favors reached us. Brief replies, too, are best, as not provoking further argument upon a question as to which there naturally will be considerable difference of opinion—and which, judging from some recent indications, promises to become of a political character, and therefore a little out of place in THE POST.

☞ Our Western contemporary, the *Louisville Courier*, offers prizes of $50, $75 and $150 for the three best original stories sent it by the 15th of January next. Here is a chance for story writers.

COL. BENTON'S VIEWS.

As appropriate to our article this week, upon the Banking System, we may refer to the views of Col. Benton upon the subject, as contained in a letter recently published in the National Intelligencer. Col. Benton says that Gen. Jackson's original plan of amending the currency, &c., consisted of the following five parts:

"1st. To revive the gold currency, by correcting the erroneous standard of 1791.

"2nd. To create a demand for hard money, by making it the exclusive currency of the Federal Treasury.

"3rd. To make sure of this hard money by keeping it in its own treasuries.

"4th. To suppress all paper currency under $20, by a stamp duty, and

"5th. To wind up all defaulting banks by a bankrupt law against delinquents."

Col. Benton says that the first three parts of the plan were accomplished—and he now contends for the adoption of the remaining parts.

The long and earnest consideration that Col. Benton has given to this subject of the Currency, entitles his views to the careful examination of his fellow citizens. A suppression of all notes under twenty dollars, might be considered a compromise ground between the stringent advocates and the ultra opponents of a paper currency. As to a bankrupt law, to apply to banks as well as to individuals, we think there would be a general concurrence in a judiciously framed law of that character.

Col. Benton alludes to the fact that the Bank of England is bound always to keep on hand an amount of specie equal to one-third of its combined circulation and deposits—showing that Banking is thus managed much more soberly and carefully in England than in the United States. We may remark, in connection with this fact, that an effort is now being made in Great Britain to influence the government to authorize the Bank to suspend the regulation alluded to, if found convenient in the present crisis. The *London Times*, while opposing any such authorization at present, says that of course the government can do nothing else, if the pressure of circumstances renders it necessary.

Whatever the people of this country may decide upon the question of restricting the issue of bank notes to notes of $20 and upwards—we think, for ourselves, that any reform will prove ineffectual, which does not embrace the New York feature of State or United States Stock collateral security to the full amount of the bank-notes issued.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

We see it stated that Mr. W. H. Belcher, a sugar refiner of St. Louis, who is said to be high authority, and has carefully tested the syrup of the Chinese cane, gives it as his opinion that it will prove a failure so far as *sugar* making is concerned. As we have seen it repeatedly stated that sugar has been made from the syrup, the failure, if any, must result from the fact that the syrup is not sufficiently rich to produce a paying quantity of sugar.

That the Chinese cane will fail in this respect, seems to us very probable. The samples of it that we have tasted, do not seem even as strong as the common molasses, which, as our readers know, is but the refuse of the syrup of the West India sugar cane, after the larger portion of the saccharine matter originally contained in it has been granulated into sugar. In other words, the original syrup of the Chinese cane seems to be no stronger, if as strong, as the syrup of the other cane *after* the making of the sugar from it.

If this should prove to be the fact, our farmers will be able to raise their own molasses, but not their own sugar, from the Chinese cane. Of course, even this will be a great pecuniary advantage to them.

It may be, however, that in the Southern portions of the Union, the syrup of the Chinese cane will be richer, and more of the quality of the cane of the West Indies.

While we are upon this subject, we may quote the following statement of the Washington correspondent of the *Pennsylvanian* of this city, relative to the charge recently brought against the seeds of the Chinese cane:—

A report has been circulated to the effect that the seeds of the Chinese sugar cane are poisonous. It having come to the ears of the Commissioner of Patents, that officer addressed a letter to Mr. D. J. Browne, the efficient head of the agricultural division of that office, asking for information as to its truth. The latter gentleman replied that the report was utterly unfounded. He had seen horses, cattle, poultry, and swine feed upon it freely, both in an unripe and mature state, without the slightest symptoms of injury or disease. A Texas editor had made bread from flour ground from the seeds of this plant. The bread was of a pink color, but was palatable, and no injury was sustained by the parties who partook of it. I think it is clearly demonstrated by the reply of Mr. Browne, that the rumor is groundless.

A CHILD'S NOTION.—A lady correspondent sends us the following quaint anecdote, which is good enough to be included in John Neal's budget of the queer sayings of children:—

"My little cousin Frank, who is four years old, came into the house not long since, with his toe bleeding, and said, 'Mother, tie up my toe. Oh! mother make haste and tie it up, for if you don't the blood will *leak* out of it!'"

ALL is the gift of industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheered by him,
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
The excluded tempest idly rave along;
His hardened fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waste;
Nor to the autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering song.
—*Thomson.*

☞ The best description of weakness we have ever heard is contained in a wag's words to his wife, when she gave him some chicken broth:—"My dear, try to coax that chicken to wade through the soup once more!"

☞ Burke says, "the shallowest understanding, the rudest hand, is more than equal to the task of pulling down and destroying. Folly and rage can dilapidate more in half an hour, than wisdom, deliberation and forecast can build many years."

☞ Lovers conceal their faults from one another, and deceive themselves. Friends confess their faults to one another, and pardon them mutually.

☞ DEFINITIONS FROM A POPULAR DICTIONARY.—Life—A time to make money. Money—The end of life. Man—A machine to make money. Woman—A machine to spend it. Children—Machines to spend it on. Economy—buying things because they are cheap, whether you want them or not.

THE INDUSTRIAL WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—We are now able to inform our readers, that the Association to aid unemployed females in finding places in the country or in the West has been duly organized. The Association has printed the following appeal:—

"You are, sir, a resident of the country, or of the West, and have it in your power greatly to aid the humane object of our society. You are aware of the want of female help in the country, and will sympathize with us in our efforts to relieve the suffering class of industrious women, who will gladly embrace the opportunity to make themselves useful in your families, and who have been thrown out of employment by the dreadful revulsions which have visited the business of the country. In their behalf, and for the cause of suffering humanity, we implore your aid and co-operation. Hunger, cold, suffering and death will soon be in our midst, and we ask your assistance to aid us to alleviate and avert these direful calamities from those who deserve our kindest sympathy. We ask you, therefore, either to organize a society for this purpose, or to furnish us, in any way you may think best, *the number of persons you will find employment for*, in the capacity of house-servants, sewing-girls, nurses, or any other capacity, and *the price of wages per week, with board included*.

We need scarcely inform you of the great difficulty of obtaining funds in the embarrassed condition of the country, even for humane objects. And while those who seek our aid will do all in their power to help themselves, we would beg leave to suggest, that if those who desire their labor would either send us five dollars, to help defray their expenses, or advance that amount, on their arrival, on their wages, it would greatly facilitate our enterprise. Have the goodness to act as promptly in the matter as you can, and to address the Secretary of our Society. Office, No. 116 South Seventh street, Philadelphia.

MRS. SARAH J. HALE, *President*.
J. M. CHURCH, *Corresponding Secretary*.
FREDERICK STOEVER, *Treasurer, Industrial Women's Association*.

The above so fully explains itself, that we need add nothing, save the advice to those who really wish help, to move in this matter without delay. We believe that the number of women desirous of obtaining employment in the adjacent country, or in the West, will be found smaller than generally supposed—especially as the signs now indicate the speedy revival of our business and manufacturing interests. The preference doubtless will be given to those applicants whose offers are considered the most favorable.

New Publications.

BRIGHTLY'S UNITED STATES DIGEST. A number of specimen pages of this forthcoming work have been handed to us. It will contain a Digest of the Laws of the United States from the Adoption of the Constitution to the end of the Third Session of the Thirty-fourth Congress. This will doubtless be a very valuable work to the legal fraternity.

THE TWO APPRENTICES, By CHARLES DICKENS, (T. B. Peterson, Phila.) A wandering narrative which recently appeared in "Household Words," and which has the supposed marks of Dickens's pen upon it. It contains a couple of forcibly written, but rather unpleasant and unsatisfactory episodes. Our own judgment upon the story, as a whole, is contained in the fact that we did not think it worth the copying into our columns.

THE SAINT AND HIS SAVIOR, by Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, (Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York, for sale by G. Butler & Co., Philada.,) is a series of religious essays, constituting a new call to the unconverted.

☞ The making of a fortune enables a man to cross the chasm which separates too widely the gentle from the handicraft classes. His money just does this, and no more. But the newly enriched man stores the future with mortifications for himself, who fancies his mere wealth will gain him distinction in the circles of gentlemen. The tone of good society is equality. Birth, wealth, beauty, talents, may constitute eligibility for society; but to be distinguished in it, persons must be admired for admirable, and liked for agreeable qualities.—*Fair's Magazine.*

☞ Shuter, the comedian, thus explained his reasons for preferring to wear stockings with holes to having them darned: "A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman, but a darn is premeditated poverty."

☞ "Every man's house is his castle," but he has no right to make his castle the manufactory for diffusive nuisances—to render it a stronghold or keep, say, for the non-drainage of a particular spot. "Every man's house is his castle," but he must not be allowed to shoot poisoned arrows at the community from the battlements of his castle.—*Lord John Russell.*

☞ The Marechal d' Etrees, aged 103, heard of the death of the Duke de Treame at the age of 33. "I am very sorry for it," said the Marechal, "but not surprised: he was a poor worn-out creature: I always said that man would never live long."

☞ The age is becoming more refined.—"Root hog or die," is now rendered as follows: "Penetrate the subsoil, my porcine friend, or early expect an obituary notice on your untimely demise."

☞ People frequently reject great truths, not so much for want of evidence as for want of an inclination in search of it.

☞ As turning the logs will make the fire burn, so change of studies a dull brain.—*Longfellow.*

☞ It is a dangerous thing even to assist an envious man, for whilst he receives your succor, he feels your power and his own dependence, and that excites the gangrene of his moral constitution.—*Lacon.*

Oh, beware of debt:
It crushes out the manhood of a man,
Robs the bright eye of boldness, cheats his limbs
Of elasticity, unnerves his hand,
Beclouds his judgment, dulls his intellect,
Peels his uprightness, and stains his name,
And maidles him to his fellow men;
Yea, far worse degradation, to himself.
—*The Gamester.*

☞ Some people have a fashion of thinking that the truth is a species of dull tomahawk, and that its efficiency is precisely proportioned to its power of *mangling*.

☞ "Industry must prosper," as the man said, when holding the baby for his wife to chop wood.

☞ SCIENCE.—For all practical purposes true science is a *thorough knowledge of a man's own business*. And a farmer who knows how to make the most profit with the least amount of labor and capital, is truly scientific.—*Tennessee Farmer and Mechanic.*

☞ How quietly might many a one live, if he could care as little for the affairs of others as he does for his own.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE TIDE TURNING—DEATH OF GENERAL CAVAIGNAC—AN EASTERN FUNERAL—A SAD HISTORY.

Paris, November 5, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Since the news of the taking of Delhi has reached us, the party which has been so amiably rejoicing over the inevitable downfall of England has been compelled to modify its tactics; the more violent of its members, however, loth to admit the two inferences which the dullest cannot fail to draw from that event, viz.: the superiority of race of the English over the Orientals they have been exalting to the skies as heroes of the noblest type, and the preference of the masses of India for the British sway, console themselves for the present with throwing doubts on the truth of the last news. England's practical tact, enabling her to make her internal administration so largely popular, while maintaining the antiquated forms of the past, has excited the hatred both of the reactionaries who detest every concession made to the democratic element, and also of the theoretic republicans, who are furious at seeing the substance of Freedom shown to be attainable while preserving the monarchic forms they are bent on overthrowing. Thus the two extremes of opinion are against her: while jealousy of the manufacturing and commercial greatness which has been achieved in every part of the world by all the offshoots of the energetic, cosmopolitan Anglo-Saxon race, is felt, to a greater or less degree, by almost all the people of Europe, but most especially by the French. The latter, the most stay-at-home people under the sun, without an atom of the colonising or commercial genius to bless themselves with, grow angry at every new achievement of their neighbors, and look upon all they accomplish as just so much snatched from themselves; forgetting that the world of effort is as open to them as to England, and that they have only themselves to thank for it if the Anglo-Saxon builds the bridges, lays down the railways, make the steam-engine do the work of half the world, and covers the globe with his fleets, his merchandise, his colonies, and his flag.

The *Siècle*, and the *Journal des Débats*—the former Cavaignac's paper, the latter the leading organ of the Orléanists—are the only two papers in Paris that have preserved a really fair and impartial attitude during the excitement created by the Indian revolt. The *Siècle* of this morning, remarks, in allusion to the polemic which has been raging here on the subject of India: "Certain journals, which, since the commencement of the troubles in India, have shown a systematic hostility to Great Britain, seem determined to allow no one to have the credit of impartiality. If it be said that the British cause is the cause of civilization, and that it will triumph in the long run, one is taxed with Anglomania. If one protests against the blind fury of a portion of the London press, one is accused of abruptly abandoning the cause of faithful allies which one had previously defended. If one rejoices in the fall of Delhi, or even believes it to have taken place, one is forthwith set down as an Anglo-maniac. If one blames the faults of the East India Company, or admits the defective management of the English Commissariat, one is set down as an Anglophobe. It is impossible to satisfy ill-humored critics who are crying themselves hoarse against everyone who does not, like themselves, desire to witness the annihilation of the British dominion in the East."

The *Journal des Débats* thus pays back the attacks of a similar character made upon it: "If, after having affirmed, over and over again, that India was lost to England, we were now compelled to acknowledge that we have been utterly mistaken on this point;—if, after having boldly stipulated on what conditions we would accord to England the assistance which she must infallibly implore at our hands, we were compelled to confess that she has no sort of need of our help or our bargains; if, after having spoken with enthusiasm of the heroic defenders of Delhi, we were forced to admit that this insurgent soldiery has been regularly beaten, on every occasion, by troops of one-tenth of their number, and is utterly unsupported by the native population, which they illuse and rob; if, finally, after having said that the occasion was excellent for showing ingeniously to England how ardently we desired her ruin, even at the hands of the most barbarous of barbarians, we were compelled to admit that such demonstrations are neither very honorable nor very useful, then, undoubtedly, we should deserve this reproach of having fallen into contradictions, which our adversaries are delighting themselves with aiming at us."

News of the sudden decease of Gen. Cavaignac, ex-President of the short-lived Republic of 1848, reached Paris in the evening of the date of my last. The General, who had married the young daughter of M. Odiot, the rich goldsmith, had retired from private life, residing in a handsome property near Orleans, belonging to his wife. Much older than the latter, he had not, it is said, intended to marry: but the young lady conceived for the middle-aged soldier so violent a passion, that the General could not help being touched by it, and determined to commit matrimony for her sake. He had long been on intimate terms with the whole Odiot family, by whom he was adored. Consequently the family of the young lady were by no means reluctant to bestow her hand and *dot* on the illustrious soldier. The marriage turned out a perfectly happy one: the wife adoring her husband, whose affection she had won to the fullest extent, both of them adoring their little son, and the whole connection being on terms of the most affectionate familiarity. Indeed the chateau in which the General and his family resided, is described as being always full of relatives and friends, and presenting an ideal of domestic happiness such as is not always attained in this world of ours. On Thursday last, Gen. Cavaignac was out shooting, when he suddenly dropped his gun, and fell back into the arms of a gardener who happened to be near him; he had just strength to send his love to his wife and child, and expired almost before he had uttered the words. He had broken a blood-vessel; and no assistance could have been of any avail. His wife, accompanied by her father and an intimate friend then visiting the General, conveyed his remains at once, in a private carriage, by rail, to Paris. Their little boy was with her: and frequently remarked, through that mournful journey—

"Mamma, what *does* make papa sleep so long?"

General Cavaignac was buried the following day: a crowd too great to enter his city residence in the rue de la Victoire, or even to find a place in the church where the funeral service was celebrated, followed the *cortége* to the burial-ground of Montmartre, where his mortal remains now repose. The young widow is said to be almost broken-hearted; and the event which has so suddenly destroyed her happiness, is lamented by all parties except the ultramontanists, who would probably rejoice at the disappearance of every human being not vowed to the service of the "extinguisher" they are so kindly desirous of clapping over the heads of the rest of the world.

While the interment of General Cavaignac at whose funeral almost all those who are known as friendly to progress, in all the walks of life, were assembled—has been the event of the week in Paris, another death appears to have excited much sensation in a very different sphere. By the last accounts from Turkey we learn that all Lebanon has been thrown into a state of unwonted excitement by the recent death and burial of one of its most renowned chieftains, the Emir Melham Chehab, who departed this life at Borda, on the 11th of last September.

The funeral ceremonies appear to have been conducted with much pomp, about two thousand persons having assembled on the occasion, and the Maronite archbishop of the region conducting the procession, and officiating in the religious services. A European eye-witness thus describes the scene in the *Presse d'Orient*:

"A numerous party, among whom we were, went to the summer palace of the deceased emir, where his remains were exposed to public view. As soon as our arrival was made known, a number of the attendants of the family came out of the palace, and opened a passage for us through the assembled crowd; they were preceded by an officer of the household, carrying a red flag in sign of mourning, and expressed their grief by a concert of the most lamentable cries and howling. In front of the palace stood the three finest horses of the stud of the late chief, richly caparisoned, and bearing the arms of the emir, attached to their saddles, which were covered with embroideries and ornaments in silver. Pepper had been put into the eyes of the animals to make them weep for the loss of their master. Each horse was attended by three men; one of whom held the animal by the bridle, while the other two stood on either side, holding swords belonging to the emir, which they struck together at intervals. Behind the horses was a coffin, containing a wooden figure representing the emir, richly-habited in the costume of the deceased, and covered with his costliest weapons. A crowd of servants, male and female, and a great concourse of people from the adjoining country surrounded the bier, and filled the air with their sobs and funeral chants, all of the most discordant character, the gardeners of the late chieftain being particularly clamorous in their expressions of sorrow. The inhabitants of all the neighboring villages had arrived to pay their last homage to the deceased chief, and the approaches to the palace were so crowded that it was not an easy matter for the steward to convey us to the door, and to the room in which the corpse was lying. We found this room, like the exterior court, filled with an immense crowd of women, all weeping as though their heads contained an inexhaustible fountain of tears. Having kissed the emir's hand in token of adieu, we were next conducted to the apartment in which his sons were assembled, and expressed our condolence on the sorrowful occasion. At noon a grand dinner was served, of which everybody partook, and which lasted for four hours. When this public repast was over, we were conducted to the apartment in which the emir's widow, and the three princesses, her daughters, were sitting in state, their silken undergarments, and black head-dresses announcing the loss which they had just undergone.

"At five o'clock in the afternoon, the whole of the Chahab family proceeded in a body to the mortuary chamber, and took a last leave of the corpse, with every expression of the most violent grief and desolation. Half-an-hour after this scene, the funeral procession began, headed by the Archbishop and a hundred Maronite priests, and preceded by the red flag; the bier was carried by a number of the attendants, and followed by the weeping horses, and the whole of the assembled crowd. A bed was placed in the open tomb, with two cushions, and an embroidered blanket: the body of the Emir was placed in this bed, amidst the tears and howls of the greater number of the spectators: the crowd dispersing as night fell on the churchyard on the conclusion of the ceremonies."

The sternness, hardness, and cruel selfishness which formed the basis of the character of the late Emperor Nicholas, of which so many of his subjects were made aware by tragical experience, are evidenced in all their odiousness by the sad history of one of the most beautiful and most unfortunate women of our day, the ill-fated Princess Troubetskoi, mother of the young and handsome wife whom the Count de Morny, half-brother and main councillor of the Emperor Napoleon—has just brought back with him from his diplomatic mission to St. Petersburgh. Though greatly attached to the Empress, for whom he had a great respect, but who was exceedingly plain in person, and so great an invalid through good part of her life that the imperial pair lived apart for many years, the Emperor was the reverse of faithful in his conjugal relations. He took care to have the ladies of honor attached to his wife's court chosen from the prettiest daughters of the nobility, and looked upon these unfortunate beauties as his natural prey. He never took the pains to woo, but contented himself, when tired of one victim, with intimating his sovereign pleasure to the possessor of some other pretty face that had been unlucky enough to attract his notice. If report tell true, the tyrant pursued this game year after year, no one daring to remonstrate where all remonstrance would have been vain. As to the young ladies, such was the worshipping dread in which the Czar was held by all classes of his subjects, that they seem never to have dreamed of it being possible to withstand the orders of one who could send them and all their kith and kin to Siberia with a nod.

Among the young beauties thus summoned to the Court, was one, the very sweetest and loveliest creature in all the Russias, an orphan, but of high parentage, lovely and innocent as a little lily, highly educated, and graceful: of course she soon attracted the fatal notice of the Czar. One day, while attending on the Empress, and surrounded by the whole court, the poor girl was seized with a sudden illness. She nearly fell, as she stood behind the chair of the Empress; managed to maintain her position, but her deadly paleness caught the Emperor's eye. He came up quietly to her side, and whispered, briefly and sternly, "I don't like scenes; choose a husband from the gentlemen behind me. Choose whom you will, but choose at once."

Beside herself with illness and terror, the poor girl had just self-command to stretch out her hand towards the one who happened to be standing nearest to her, but without the ability to look up even to see who it was. It happened to be the Prince Troubetskoi, an elderly man, to whom she was almost a total stranger. The next day she was married to him, and the Prince was sent off to a province in Siberia, to which the Emperor had appointed him Governor on the conclusion of his sudden marriage. The young bride was sent to the country; on the birth of her child, a daughter, she was graciously allowed the permission to travel, i. e., she was ordered out of Russia, with a small pension assigned her by the Czar. Her daughter was taken from her as soon as born, and brought up in a sort of Orphan Asylum for the daughters of the nobility. From that time the unfortunate Princess has been a wanderer; unable to marry, because legally the wife of a man for whom she had not the faintest regard, and whom she has never seen since her wedding; and deprived of the society of her daughter, who has been brought up with great care, but either in total ignorance of her mother's existence, or entirely alienated from her. Some years ago, the Princess Troubetskoi attached herself to a German nobleman who had been deeply interested by her beauty and her wrongs, and would have married her had she been legally free. I would not be understood as vouching for the truth of this sad history: although the source from which I have it is such as to leave no doubt of its entire correctness in my own mind. The friend from whom I have it, describes the unhappy lady—now only about two-and-thirty—as being still the most beautiful woman it is possible to imagine, but with an expression of such profound, unalterable sorrow as she never saw on any other face.

The marriage between his half-sister and the Count de Morny is said to have been made by the Emperor Alexander. The young Countess, not seventeen, is very beautiful, very gay, highly accomplished, and will be one of the brightest luminaries of the Court during the coming winter: but if she be aware of the sad fate of her mother, condemned to a life of exile, loneliness, and sorrow, one would not envy the brilliant position of the daughter who could prove herself thus insensible to the most sacred claims of Nature and of misfortune. QUANTUM.

BAD BOOKS.

Some one has well said, "The ruin of a country is not the blight of corn—the weight and impetuosity of hailstones—it is not the inundation and storm—it is not pestilence and famine; a few years, perhaps a single one, may cover all traces of such a calamity: but that country is too surely ruined, in which morals are lost irretrievably to the greater part of the rising generation." We know of no surer or swifter road to ruin, for the youth of our day, than the reading of bad books and corrupt papers. No youth ever escaped the contaminating effect upon his mind and character of once reading a licentious book. The memory of its scenes will come back upon him in fearful and odious distinctness in after-years, even when by God's mercy he may become a true Christian. They will haunt his hours of retirement and devotion, and obtrude between him and his now reconciled Saviour, long after he had hoped to have escaped for ever their recollection.

We verily believe that the communing with obscene books and papers is in some respects worse for the young, with their warm passions and lively imaginations, than the occasional meeting with even the vilest persons. Actual contact with the vile reveals the effects of vice, so as to repel the youth not yet far gone in iniquity; but in the corrupting issues of the press to which we allude, the odious features of vice and its disastrous effects are all kept out of view, while its transient and forbidden pleasures are artfully presented in winning phrase and gentle inuendo, fascinating but ruinous as the Syren's song.

We warn, entreat, beseech our youth, as they value purity of thought and purity of affection—as they desire peace of mind and approval of conscience—as they prize nobleness of character and an unsullied reputation—as they hope for the respect of men and the favor of God, that they cast from them as an odious and leprous thing, every book, paper, picture, which they would be unwilling to exhibit to father, mother, or sister. You cannot take fire in your bosom and not be burned.

How deep the depravity of the makers and venders of such soul poison! Their aim is to inflame the imagination, and corrupt the minds of the unsuspecting and ignorant, and "thus incite them to acts which are sure to end in their debasement and ruin." A fearful award awaits the man in this world and the next, who can thus recklessly scatter firebrands, arrows, and death.

A TIGER IN RATCLIFF HIGHWAY.—On Monday, about midday, as a remarkably fine specimen of the Bengal tiger, recently imported by Mr. Jamrach, the eminent naturalist, was in course of being conveyed from the London Docks to Mr. Jamrach's warehouse, St. George's-in-the-East, the animal forced out one end of its cage, and bounded into the road, to the intense terror of the passers-by. For some distance it proceeded rapidly up the carriage-way, in a crouching position, until it encountered a little boy aged eleven years, who stood gazing curiously at the strange spectacle. Before the lad had time to escape from the savage animal, it sprang upon him, lacerating the back of his neck and head in a frightful manner. In the meantime one of Mr. Jamrach's men, who had followed the beast in its flight, had armed himself with a crowbar, with which he struck repeated blows on the animal's head, to compel it to relinquish its grasp of the boy. The last of these blows took effect, and so far stunned the creature as to enable it to be secured. The mangled little sufferer was promptly removed to the London Hospital, where he lies in a precarious condition.—*London Paper.*

☞ To make wise people believe that we are what we are not, is in many instances more difficult, than really to become what we desire to appear.

☞ The world always laugh at those failures which arise from weakness of judgment and defect of penetration.

☞ It was a very common remark of Col. K., of Oregon, that certain persons were "mean enough to *steal acorns from a blind hog!*"

A FIRM BANK.

[The following lines were written by the celebrated Rowland Hill, more than a quarter of a century ago, at a period of great commercial distress in England, when the moneyed institutions of that country seemed to be in a state of a collapse, and universal bankruptcy threatened the nation.]—*New York Christian Intelligencer.*

I have a never-failing bank,
A more than golden store;
No earthly bank is half so rich;
How, then, can I be poor?
'Tis when my stock is spent and gone,
And I without a groat,
I'm glad to hasten to my bank
To beg a little note.
Sometimes my Banker smiling says,
"Why don' you oftener come?
And when you draw a LITTLE note,
Why not a LARGER sum?
Why live so niggardly and poor?
Your bank contains a plenty;
Why come and take a one pound note,
When you may have a twenty?"
Yes, twenty thousand ten times told,
To but a trifling sum,
To what your Father hath laid up,
Secure in God His Son.
Since then, my Banker is so rich,
I have no cause to borrow;
I live upon my cash to-day,
And draw on Him to-morrow.
I've been a thousand times before,
And never was rejected;
Sometimes my banker gives me more
Than asked for or expected.
Sometimes I felt a little proud,
I managed things so clever!
But, ah! before the day was gone,
I felt as poor as ever.
I know my bank can never fail,
Its funds always the same;
The firm, "Three persons in one God,"
Jehovah is His name.
Should all the banks of Britain break,
The Bank of England smash,
Bring in your note on Zion's bank,
You'll surely get your cash.
And if you have but one small note,
Fear not to bring it in;
Come boldly to the Throne of Grace,
The Banker is within.
All forged notes will be refused,
Man's merits be rejected;
There's not a single note will pass
That God has not accepted.
There's none but those beloved of God,
Redeemed by precious blood,
That ever had a note to bring—
These are the gifts of God.
Though thousands, doubting, often say
They have no notes at all,
Because they feel the plague of sin,
So ruined by the fall.
This bank is full of precious notes,
All signed, and sealed and free,
Though many a ransomed soul may say,
"There is not one for me"
Base unbelief will lead the most
To say what is not true;
I tell all souls that feel they're lost,
These notes belong to you.
The leper had a little note,
"Lord, if You will, You can;"
The Banker cashed this little note,
And [illegible]ed the sickly man
We [illegible] of one young man, indeed,
Whose riches did abound,
But in the Banker's book of grace
His name was never found.
But see the wretched dying thief
Hang by the Banker's side;
He cried, "Dear Lord, remember me;"
He got his cash, and died.

FULL-LENGTH FAINTING PREVENTED.—The new invention of steel frames for ladies' jupons to rest upon, is of such enormous weight that it is hardly likely to become general; yet for those who are liable to faint, it has a certain advantage. There is no possibility of falling! The solid dome of metal which surrounds the lady so effectually sustains her that she can only faint from the waist upwards—or at least the consciousness of the remainder is of no particular consequence. At one of the most elegant Parisian balls of the season, in the Rue St. Honoré, there was a great alarm among the guests, occasioned by the falling of a chandelier in the reception-room. An exclamation drew all eyes to the corner of the apartment, and there stood the stout Baroness de ——, her head fallen back and her arms hanging nerveless at her sides, but otherwise apparently on her feet. The steel petticoat sustained her. She had fainted—but only to the bust.

MEDICINAL USES OF ICE.—The medicinal use of ice has now become very extensive. Medical men advise, as a chief part of the treatment for inflammation of the stomach, the eating, at frequent intervals, of small pieces of ice, and for inflammation of the brain, its constant application to the head. A draught of any ice-cold fluid, when taken in a state of health, produces relief by lessening the amount of animal heat which the human body is constantly generating, first, by absorbing a portion of it; and second, by allowing it to pass off with the surcharged fluids, in the shape of the perspiration it induces. Its relief in fever arises from precisely the same causes. In inflammation, either external or internal, it aids by reducing the size of the vessels carrying blood to the inflamed part, and if sufficiently long continued, arrests it altogether.

SINGULAR.—Isn't it a curious fact that our Government furnishes the Indians with the very scalping-knives with which they butcher their victims? The Butler County (Ohio) Telegraph says:—

"In looking over the schedule of articles to be presented to the different Indian tribes, for which the Secretary of the Interior invites proposals, we observe the item '*two hundred dozen scalping-knives.*' Our hand went up involuntarily to the 'place where the hair ought to grow.'"

HOT BREAD.—Dr. Bunting, who has watched the process of digestion through the hole in Alexis St. Martin's stomach, says that hot bread never digests! It tumbles about the stomach until it begins to ferment, and is eventually passed out, undigested, as an unwelcome tenant. Think of this, ye hot biscuit eaters! Hot bread is a first-rate dyspepsia producer.

☞ Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.—*Charles Lemesle.*

☞ Mr. Layard and Lord Palmerston were talking lately of the wonders the former had seen in his travels. "You have been on Mount Blanc," said Palmerston. "Certainly," replied the other. "And what did you see there?" "Why, really," said Layard, "it is always so wrapped up in a double-milled fog that there is nothing to be seen from it." "Nothing! I never knew till now why it was called Mount *Blank!*"

☞ Strong passions work wonders when there is stronger reason to curb them.

PIGEON'S MILK.

An "pigeon's milk" has been alluded to by the Hon. G. Berkeley, and as the simple mention of this substance generally causes a smile, allow me to ask the smilers to read the words of our great and immortal anatomist, John Hunter, who wrote on this subject in 1786, and they will learn that there really is such a substance. He says:—

The young pigeon, like the young quadruped, till it is capable of digesting the common food o its kind is fed with a substance secreted for that purpose by the parent: not, as in the mammalia, by the female alone, but also by the male, which, perhaps, furnishes this nutriment in a degree still more abundant. During incubation the coats of the crop in the pigeon are gradually enlarged and thickened, like what happens to the udder of females of the class Mammalia in the term of uterine gestation. On comparing the state of the crop when the bird is not sitting with its appearance during incubation, the difference is very remarkable. In the first case it is thin and membranous, but by the time the young are about to be hatched, the whole, except what lies on the trachea (the windpipe,) becomes thickened, and takes on a glandular appearance; it is, likewise, evidently more vascular than in its former state. The secretion I have always found in the form of a white granulated curd in the crop: and if an old pigeon is killed just as the young ones are hatching, the crop will be found as above described, and in its cavity pieces of white curd mixed with some of the common food of the pigeon, such as barley, beans, &c. If we allow either of the parents to feed the young, its crop, when examined, will be discovered to contain the same curdled substance which passes from thence into the stomach, where it is to be digested. The young pigeon is fed for some time with this substance only; and about the third day some of the common food is found mingled with it, and as the pigeon grows older, the proportion of common food is increased, so that by the time it is seven, eight, or nine days old, the secretion of the curd ceases in the old ones, and of course no more will be found in the crop of the young. It is a curious fact that the parent pigeon has at first a power to throw up this curd without any mixture of common food, although afterwards both are thrown up according to the proportion required for the young ones.

John Hunter also observes:—

Besides the dove kind, I have some reason to suppose parrots to be endowed with the same faculty, as they have the power of throwing up the contents of the crop and feeding one another. I have seen the cock paroquet regularly feed the hen by first filling his own crop, and then supplying her from his beak. Parrots, macaws, cockatoos, &c., when they are very fond of the person who feeds them, may likewise be observed to have the action of throwing up the food, and often do it.

Those who doubt the accuracy of John Hunter's observations, I would ask to examine for themselves the crop of the pigeon at the right season, and they will then understand that "pigeon's milk" is not entirely a by-word, but a veritable secretion from the pigeon.

FRANK T. BUCKLAND,
Assistant-Surgeon 2nd Life Guards.
—*London Field.*

PROCESS OF MAKING ICE
IN THE EAST INDIES.

Natural ice is never seen in the warmest parts of that country. To procure ice by artificial means, they dig, on a large open plain, not far from Calcutta, three or four pits about thirty feet square, and two feet deep each, the bottom of which they cover about eight inches or a foot thick with sugar cane or the stems of the large Indian corn, dried. On this bed are placed, in rows, a number of small, shallow, unglazed earthen pans, formed of a very porous earth, a quarter of an inch thick, and about an inch and a quarter deep, which, at the dusk of evening, they fill with soft water that has been boiled. In the morning, before sunrise, the ice-makers attend the pits, and collect what is frozen in baskets, which they convey to the place of preservation. This is generally prepared on some high, dry situation by sinking a pit fourteen or fifteen feet deep, lining it first with straw, and then with a coarse kind of blanketing. The ice is deposited in this pit, and beat down with rammers, till at length its own accumulated cold again freezes it, and forms one solid mass. The mouth of the pit is well secured from the exterior air with straw and blankets, and a thatched roof is thrown over the whole. The quantity of ice formed by the method above described depends on a light atmosphere, and clear, serene weather. Three hundred persons are employed in this operation in one place.

At first sight, this curious process may appear to be an effect of evaporation; but this is not the case; for it is remarkable that it is essential to its success that the straw in which the vessels are placed should be dry, whereas, if evaporation were concerned in the congelation, wetting the straw would promote it. When the straw becomes wet by accident, it is obliged to be replaced by dry straw.

The earth is continually losing heat by radiation, and it loses most on clear, starlight nights, when there are no clouds to intercept and send back the rays of heat. The straw, like all filamentous substances, is a good radiator of caloric, and it is in consequence of the heat that is thus given out by it into space on clear nights that the ice is formed. When the weather is windy and cloudy the effect does not take place. —*American Druggists Circular.*

☞ Justice is the great, but simple principle, and the whole secret of success, in all government: as absolutely essential to the training of an infant, as to the control of a mighty nation.

☞ The following sentiment was given at a recent railroad festival in Cleveland, Ohio—"*Our Mothers*—the only faithful *tenders*, who never misplaced a *switch*."

☞ The overseers of the poor in England have observed that after a family has once applied to the parish for assistance, it never relinquishes its claim, but sinks gradually into the pauper ranks, there to remain until it disappears.

☞ When one advised Lycurgus, the famous law-giver, to establish a popular government at Lacedæmon, "Go," said he, "and first make trial of it in thine own family."

TWO

FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS.

FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

I reside upon the Great South Angular line of railway, and go to town and return from it every day: the two journeys consume about two hours, and having taken them regularly for the last fifteen years, I must have spent at least a twelvemonth of my existence in a first-class carriage; I, therefore, may be supposed to know a little about the passengers. I know almost everybody's name who gets into the train at the half-dozen stations between my own and London, and whether he will return by our five-thirty, or not, to a dead certainty. I know which are the stock-brokers, and which the lawyers, and which the bill discounters, and the places of business of every one of them, although our acquaintance is only acknowledged by a nod, nor ever extends beyond the terminus at London Bridge. When A or B is not in eleven-forty-five up twice running, we look for him in the Times, and find him under Deaths or Bankrupts; and when I myself, X, am missing, I feel confident that the rest of the alphabet will as easily understand what is become of me. We do not pretend to entertain the sympathetic feelings of a Rousseau, or a De Lamartine, towards our friends of the South Angular; our conversations—which are carried on under cover of our respective newspapers—are kept studiously general, for there is no knowing what religion or politics any of us may profess, or whether we profess them at all; we discuss principally the money-market only, and the murders—trusting that, if there be a homicide or two in the same carriage, any offensive remark may be understood not to apply to the present company. We season-ticket-holders are of course well-known by sight to all the company's officers, so that they rarely give us the trouble of producing our passes at all, nor is one of us more easily recognizable than C, the leviathan banker, who makes the train stop in front of his own house, where there is no station, to the concentrated disgust of the three classes. He is called by us "the Old Cock;" but although he knows this, it is not, of course, customary to address him by that appellation. My brother, however, who is a stranger to the South Angular, going down with me once upon a visit by the five-and-thirty, remarked, unhappily, upon occasion of the usual stoppage in front of the huge red house, "Oh, this is where the Old Cock lives, who causes you so much annoyance, is it?" Whereupon, the great C, who was sitting opposite, crimsoned excessively, got out slower than usual, and has never nodded to me since. A little after this, a new ticket-collector having been appointed by the company, he called upon the whole carriage-full, which included but one casual passenger, to produce our tickets; which, with the exception of the Old Cock, we readily did. He confessed that he had it in his waistcoat pocket, but that no human power could induce him to exhibit it; he harangued the unfortunate collector for nearly a quarter of an hour (during which the train was, of course, delayed, and the business-passengers goaded to frenzy), on the absurdity of his (C's) being unknown to any person on the South Angular railway, no matter how newly-appointed, or how forgetful by disposition; he took the official to task, just as though he, himself, the Old Cock, were the aggrieved party, and as if he were the Lord Chief Baron addressing some great offender against the law.

"*Nay, but,*" urged the poor man, "it is my duty to see your ticket, sir, whether you have compounded for the year, or not. You may, for all I am supposed to know to the contrary, have lent, or even sold your—"

"*I* sell my ticket? *I* abuse my privilege?" cried the old fellow in a terrible voice. "Give the rascal into my hand, John." (To his son, who was sitting opposite), whereupon the collector got off the step with great agility.

"What am I to do?" said the Discomfited, appealing to the rest of us, "I ought to take the gentleman into custody."

C had relapsed behind his paper in high dudgeon, and would reply to no man's intercession upon this subject further, while his son John shook his head very decidedly, saying:

"He won't give it up. I have known him for forty years. He won't give it up: I know him so well."

Indeed, so it happened, and after a consultation among the officials upon the platform, and a very prolonged stoppage of the train, the Old Cock was carried on in triumph, still stertorous with indignation.

These little incidents are the only ones, as I have said, which to my knowledge ever interfered with the strictly business character of our daily transits; but when I have chanced to be detained longer than usual in town, and to miss the five-thirty, I have met with more interesting companions. Three times, by the evening express, I have travelled with a gentleman bound for the other side of the Channel, from whom I always parted with regret: a middle-aged, rather ruddy-complexioned man, spare and tall, with an intimate acquaintance with foreign countries, and a fund of stories of adventure, which it was very pleasant to draw upon. Though we exchanged cards, Mr. Settler never told me what was his profession; but I set him down as a traveller for some great house, at a salary, perhaps, of seven-hundred-a-year, and I am seldom wrong in such calculations. He carried a particularly beautiful Geneva watch, with turquoise figures on it, which must have cost forty guineas, at the very least, but his dress was otherwise plain and insignificant. About a week after I had met him for the third time, I took a house at Plover for the season, for my wife and family, to whom I used to run down from London every week. I was returning to the City by an evening train, soon afterwards, for which the poor voyageurs from France were, as usual, not in time, in consequence of the delays at the Custom House, when I heard my travelling friend's voice outside the window, and instantly looked forth to welcome him in. Somehow or other, however, he had disappeared at that very instant, and I seemed doomed to ride the whole way to London in the company of a solitary stranger, who entered at the open door instead. He was big enough for two, indeed, but singularly uncommunicative, replying to the few civilities which I ventured upon, in gruff monosyllables; and coiling himself up in a corner, with his cap over his eyes, in the manner of the true passenger ruffian. Still, I could not help thinking that at some time and place, both forgotten, I had seen this man and spoken to him before: the remembrance of him was like one of those mysterious experiences which we all have of having previously witnessed some passing scene, which our mortal eyes can never in reality have beheld: but indistinct as this was, it was strong enough to drive all thoughts from my mind, except the absorbing one. "To whom is he like? and where have I met this sulky fellow before?"

Presently, however, my mind reverted to the voice I had heard at starting, and immediately this idea combined with it, and I said to myself—

"Why it is Mr. Settler himself, to whom the man is somehow like after all!"

True, my old acquaintance was a spare man, and this a person stout even to obesity. The former had a voice especially pleasing, and the latter a grunt that could scarcely be reckoned human: that a convivial visage, and this a face from which ill-health and ill-humor together had expelled every trace of jollity. Still, having acquired my idea with so much trouble, I was not the man to let it easily go again, but flattered and nourished it in my mind, until it grew larger and stronger, and at last shot up into the full belief that this uncommunicative stranger was not only like Mr. Settler, but was Mr. Settler himself! No other than he, I now felt persuaded, could have presented himself at the carriage window, so immediately after my hearing his voice close beside it.

"Sir," said I, composing myself in my corner, as if to sleep, "I should like to know how long I may hope to rest myself. Will you kindly favor me with the time?"

I shot through my fingers an eager glance, as the stout gentleman pulled his watch out, with an expression of impatience at being roused. My scheme had succeeded; my suspicions were confirmed. It was the old Geneva watch with the turquoise figures.

"Mr. Settler," said I, quietly, "why do you wish to cut my acquaintance?"

"Why, the fact is," replied he, in his natural frank voice, and not without a touch of pathos in it, "I am so ill, and such an object, that I am positively ashamed to be recognized; do you observe how tremendously stout I have grown?"

"Of course I do," said I; "it would be ridiculous to pretend otherwise; why you are three times your usual size at the very least!"

"There is no need to exaggerate, goodness knows," rejoined he, gravely, "a man with such a dropsy as this is not a fit subject for joking."

My old acquaintance indeed exhibited so much acrimony and bad humor, that I was sorry I spoke to him at all, and felt quite relieved when, wheezing and grumbling to the last, he parted company from me at the terminus. On the next Saturday I again went down to Plover, and only reached the station just in time to hit the train. I therefore threw myself into the nearest first-class carriage, and was off before I ever looked to see who was my companion.

"How are you, my boy?" cried Mr. Settler, for he it was, spare and hearty as ever. "I am afraid I was rather cross with you the other day."

"*Cross!*" said I, a little grimly, "is not the word for it; you were a bear of the first water; and, by-the-bye, what has become of your dropsy?"

"Well," rejoined he, "I have been tapped since I saw you."

"Tapped!" cried I, laughing, "why you have been emptied—drained!"

"Yes," answered Mr. Settler, evasively, "I dare say it seems so. I am subject to these attacks. They're hereditary. Have you seen to-day's *paper?*"

So we turned the conversation to other subjects, and spent the time between London and Chokestone, as pleasantly as usual.

A month elapsed, and then I met my friend once more in the up-express, going to town for the best advice, he said, and stouter than ever. However, he was very good-humored this time, observing that he was not going to suffer the disease to prey upon his spirits any longer; only from his late voyage and its accompaniments he was really very exhausted and presently fell asleep, looking, as I thought, like Falstaff after a fit of sea-sickness.

As I sat close by him, whistling softly, and staring at his right leg, a very singular sight presented itself. I saw Mr. Settler's right calf sink gradually down, and presently repose about his ankle. I stooped down to investigate this sliding phenomenon, and discovered it to be entirely composed of the best French kid gloves; the other calf I pricked with my scarf-pin, and concluded it to be composed of the same unfeeling material. Elated by these revelations I cautiously applied the same ingenious instrument to my friend's waistcoat: it penetrated at least three inches, up to the fox's head which surmounted it, without meeting with any flesh and blood; the sleeper never so much as winked an eye. I then took the liberty of unfastening the first and second buttons about his ample chest, whereupon I came upon fine cambric; I turned back case after case, and then pressed forth an end of Valenciennes lace. I took hold of this very delicately and gave it a gentle pull—one yard! two yards! ten yards! twenty yards of such a trimming as I have only seen in books upon the fashions, rewarded my dexterity.—Throughout this operation the stout party, sleeping like a child, reminded me of the spider who, out of his own interior, supplies such charming gossamer work. Then, having pocketed the Valenciennes, replaced the cambric, and fastened the buttons. I woke my still stout but somewhat reduced acquaintance, and observed, "I beg your pardon, but your right calf has slipped down from the usual place, Mr. Settler."

"It is a false one," answered he with frankness; "it is, in fact, French kid gloves. Mrs. Settler compels me to do it, although I abominate the practice. A man in my dangerous state of health should think of something else than defrauding the revenue."

"Don't you feel somewhat relieved though?" inquired I, producing the Valenciennes.

"Sir," said he, in some confusion, and twitching at his waistcoat, "I am sure that I am in the hands of a man of honor."

"Perhaps," said I, blushing a very little; "but I have the sternest possible sense of duty."

"Custom House duty?" inquired he, good-naturedly; then, with his old pathos he added,

"You have a wife, a loving wife yourself, sir."

"I have," said I; and I confess I was a good deal moved.

"How well she'd look in that old Valenciennes!" urged Mr. Settler, and that with an air of such sincere admiration, that I really could not find it in my heart to give the poor fellow up. I never saw him again from that day to this, and there is no reason to suppose that after that clemency of mine he did not give up his contraband habits, and become an honest man.

It was in a collar and sleeves trimmed with that very Valenciennes that my wife went up with me to town for the Handel Festival; we were a large party in the carriage, and enjoyed the journey very much. Among others was a strange young gentleman, very well-informed and agreeable, who kept us in peals of laughter with his lively sallies. Mrs. X had seen the address upon his portmanteau, and whispered to us that he was a viscount, and perhaps we did not appreciate him the less upon that account; he had all that abandon and keen animal spirits which distinguish the young English aristocracy, and make them the pleasantest fellows in the world to travel with, and he had also a diamond ring which he was kind enough to let us examine, of very great brilliancy and value; such a hand, too, delicate, graceful, thin, and such an exquisite curling ear; in short, as my wife, judging from these symptoms, observed, with an irrepressible enthusiasm, "a youthful Cavendish, all over."

When we arrived at London Bridge, he bade adieu to us in the most affable manner, and drove away in a simple Hansom, with all the air of a man accustomed to keep his carriage. On our road to Sydenham we were all loud in his praises, when suddenly my wife threw up her hands, and cried out that her purse was gone, with half her quarter's allowance in it; there must have been a hole in her pocket, or one of the railway porters had taken it, or she had never brought it with her at all; we would believe anything in fact, rather than suffer the breath of suspicion to sully that mirror of nobility the viscount. Judge, then, our surprise, when at the bottom of this pocket was discovered the identical ring, which had evidently slipped off those aristocratic fingers while they were appropriating the purse. Upon our return to town, I took the trinket to a jeweller's, fully expecting to find that the precious stone was made of glass, but to my astonishment and pleasure it turned out to be a real diamond, and that of a value very considerably greater than the stolen money. We advertised it for a few days in the newspapers, but, as we expected, without its being inquired after by its late proprietor; so, besides the Valenciennes trimming for her collar and sleeves, my wife has a handsome diamond ring for her middle finger, both presented to her, indirectly, by two of my fellow passengers.

HEAVEN.

[A translation of a part of one of St. Bernard's Latin hymns of the mediæval ages:]

To thee, oh, dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name they weep;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
Oh, one! oh, only mansion!
Oh, Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And joys have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall.
Thy ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced,
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner stone is Christ.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy power;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

* * * * * *

They stand those halls of Sion
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen:
There is the throne of David,
And there from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they beneath their Leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and *for* ever
Are clad in robes of white.

THE QUEENS OF FRANCE.—The Dublin University Magazine, commenting upon the lives of the royal and imperial wives of France, states that there are but thirteen out of sixty-seven on whose memory there is no dark stain of sorrow or of sin. A contemporary, in summing up the statement says:—"Of the others, seven were divorced; two died by the executioner; nine died very young; seven were soon widowed; three were cruelly traduced; three were exiles; three were bad in different degrees of evil; the prisoners and the heartbroken made up the remainder. Twenty who were buried at St. Denis since the time of Charlemagne, were denied the rest of the grave. Their remains were dragged from the tomb, exposed to the insults of the revolutionary populace, and then flung into a trench and covered with quick lime."

"IMITATION IS BUT THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY."

SEE ARTICLE ON CRINOLINE FOR GENTLEMEN. —*London Punch.*

CRINOLINE FOR GENTLEMEN.

"I propose, sir, to call my invention the Inflated Pegtops. Under that name I intend forthwith to make them patent. Had the Manchester Art Palace continued to be open, I should have exhibited these treasures on my own lay figure. As it is, I must resort to other means to show them to the world; and I petition you, sir, therefore to allow an illustration of them to adorn your pages. If you fear their exhibition will offend your lady-readers, allow me a few inches of your valuable space (space is always 'valuable,' even in the Morning Herald), and I will tell them what has tempted me to take this leaf out of their fashion-books.

"In the first place, the dear creatures must believe me when I say, that I am perfectly incapable of joining in a laugh at them. However near I may unguardedly approach the verge of doing so, my better nature always is quite sure to get the better of me, and I then recoil from the enormity as though it were a precipice. When, therefore, I submit my new invention to their eyes, I do so without fear of their mistaking it for ridicule. I should not ask their sanction to my putting on my pegtops, if I thought they would consider them a take-off of their petticoats. In fact, if I imagined that the cut which illustrates this article would be viewed by the dear creatures as a cut at their costume, I would rather, sir, have lived when heads were taken off, and that myself, and not my sketch, had been brought to the block.

"Acquitting me, therefore, of all thought of making fun of them, ladies will feel naturally curious to know, why I purpose wearing my Inflated Pegtops? and what *can* be the good of their preposterous expansion? To these momentous questions permit me, ladies, for the moment, to return you Quaker answers, by asking why do *you* wear Crinoline? where on earth's the good of it?

"Now, of course, ladies, I am not so outrageously absurd as to expect that you will favor me at once with reasonable responses. The utmost I can hope from any living woman is that, in answer to my one query, she should say, Because we choose; and, in answer to my other, she should tell me Not to bother. In ladies' logic, these replies would be accounted 'reasons;' for, as Sydney Smith, the reverend, unflinchingly asserts, the mind female does not *reason*, in the sense in which the mind male understands that verb.

"I will, therefore, ladies, take the liberty of answering my questions myself, and seeking out some reasons—*bond fide* reasons—for you. Next week, if you please, and if *Mr. Punch* will let you, you will have the pleasure in your hands of saying the last word, and of showing, if you can, that I have jumped to false conclusions.

"Now, why do you wear Crinoline? Because your next-door neighbors do? Because the Empress of the French does? This would only prove what Sydney Smith—that ungallant divine—has also said, that 'Woman is at best but an imitative animal.' Would you have your heads shaved, because your next-door neighbors had? Your grandmothers wore hair-powder for no more reasonable reason. Of the two, I think a head clean shaved would be a sight more comely than a dust-and-dirt-powdered one. And, pray, what have you to do with what the Empress of the French does? What's Eugénie to you, or you to Eugénie? If an Englishwoman *must* take a queen as her life model, let her be a loyal subject, and not look across the channel for one.

"But why do you wear Crinoline? Because it is the fashion? Well, but who sets the fashion? the lady, or the milliner? the wearer, or the worker? Are you not all slaves, abject slaves, to your *modistes?* Is not every one of you at the mercy of her dress-maker; under her thumb and thimble as completely, sleeve and body, as though you were but serfs, and she enthroned in might, Empress of all the Bustles? But then there are the fashion-books. Following the fashion, of course, you read the fashion-books. You consult them as your oracles; and regard them as infallible (being printed) proofs that Crinoline's 'The Thing,' let men say what they will of it. But you forget to ask the question, 'Who gets up the fashion-books?' And might you not be startled if you learnt that in accepting them as absolute authorities, and bowing to their nod, you are in fact complacently salaaming to your dress-makers.

"Why, then, do you wear Crinoline? because you think it is becoming to you? Well, a bread-and-butter Miss might be excused such misconception; but that any grown-up Woman, who is past her skipping-rope and pinafore, should entertain that thought, it quite surpasses man's believing. I cannot yield my faith to such a libel on the sex. The mind female may not reason, but it is not idiotic. The brain feminine is capable of ocular impression. Mirrors give the means of outward self-examination; and the lady who can look her cheval-glass in the face, and say deformity becomes her, must have a blinding pigsye in her mental vision.

"Then why do you— No, don't say that. Don't catch me up so short, that it's to 'please the gentlemen:' I really cannot suffer you to foster that delusion. After all we've said and written to you, how can you dream of doing so? Pick out any number of unbiassed men you will—by 'unbiassed' I mean being neither henpecked fools nor lovers,—put them in a jury-box (an opera one will do), and ask them what they think of you, in Crinoline and out of it. There would not be need of much deliberation. Were I their foreman, I should have to say (however it might pain me to use such harsh expressions)—

"*When lovely Woman stoops to Crinoline, she ceases to be Woman, and becomes a monster.*

"This would be their verdict. Were a million of men empanelled, still I'd bet you gloves all round you'd not find a dissentient.

"After all, then, I must own, the Why you wear your Crinoline? is an unguessable conundrum. The mysteries of female dress are not for men to fathom. To the male eye there is neither use nor beauty in exuberance of skirt; or at least its only use appears to be in hiding dirty stockings, or some personal defect. Men in general believe that the inventress of Crinoline was a sloven about her ankles, or had possibly splay feet. And then they draw the cruel inference that those who copy her invention are impelled by reasons similar: seeing that no better have as yet forthcome from them.

"*Mais revenons à nos Pegtops.* My reasons for inventing THEM it needs no blush to palliate. I did so purely out of compliment to your superior sagacity. As you seem to think that Nature is improved by wearing Crinoline, let me profit by the thought, and share with you the benefit. If the 'human form divine' be beautified by hoops, being human I may claim an equal right with you to wear them. For what reason should my sex debar me from the privilege? Why should you keep all the 'good figures' to yourselves? Free trade in them, say I! The unfairest of your sex would surely not be a Monopolist!

"In one point, though, we are not quite on an equality. In the matter of expense I have certainly the better of you—or I should say, of your husbands. My Pegtops are not costly in the mode of their expansion. To inflate them there is no need of such raising of the wind as there is with your air-petticoats. Old oyster barrel hoops are cheaper than steel fixings. And I can tie them in myself—*non tailori auxilio*—without calling in a Stultz. Expansive as you please; but not expensive likewise.

"Having thus explained myself, I ask you, ladies, not to laugh at me if you should see me wear them. Recollect that I shall do so in pure compliment to you. Cumbersome they may be; oppressive; inconvenient; nay, I'll even go so far as to admit them to be *ugly!* But then what of that? Rightly viewed, their very ugliness will constitute their beauty. For the more they may with truth be called cumbrous and uncouth, the more they will resemble those stiff petticoats of yours, and the more you will appreciate my delicate intentions. To keep the Tutxo in countenance, so long as you wear Crinoline I shall sport my Pegtops; and I hope you will agree, ladies with one who *even now* admires you, that—

"IMITATION IS BUT THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY!" —*London Punch.*

MARRIAGE.

"Do you think," said a young lady once to me, "that Henry and I ought to marry upon less than four hundred pounds a year?"

"No, certainly, my dear, because you marry for so many people's benefit besides your own. How, for instance, could your acquaintance bear to see morreen curtains, instead of the blue and silver damask you were talking of? And how could you give those charming little dinner parties which, you say, are indispensable to one in your position, without three servants, or a boy in buttons as well? Nay, if you went into society at all, of the kind you now keep, a fifth of Henry's annual income would melt away in dresses, bouquets, and white kid-gloves. No, my dear girl, I can by no means advise *you* to marry upon less than four hundred a year."

My young friend looked up, a little doubtful if I were in jest or earnest; and Mr. Henry gave vent to an impatient sigh. I thought—"Poor things!" for they were honestly in love, and there was no earthly reason why they should not marry. How many hundreds more are thus wasting the best years of their life, the best hopes of their youth, love, home, usefulness, energy—and God only knows how much besides—and for what? Evening-parties, dresses, and gloves, a fine house, and blue and silver curtains?

Yet a woman of the world would have said that this couple were quite right; that if they had married and lived afterwards with the honest prudence that alone would have been possible to a young man of Mr. Henry's independent character, they must infallibly have gone down in society, have dropped out of their natural circle, to begin life as their parents did, as most middle-class parents have begun life, narrowly and humbly. Though without much fear of positive starvation, they must have given up many luxuries, have had to learn and practise many domestic economies which probably never had come into the head of either lady or gentleman; and yet love might have taught them, as it teaches the most ignorant. They would undoubtedly have had to live, for the next few years at least, not for society at large, but for their own two selves and their immediate connections.

And very likely Henry would have done it, for a young fellow in love will do mightily heroic things; some, especially hard-worked professional men, being weak enough to believe that a snug fireside, where a cheerful-faced little wife has warmed his slippers and sits pouring out his tea—even if obliged to make sundry intermediate rushes up-stairs to quiet something which obstinately refuses to go to sleep—is preferable to a handsome solitary club-dinner, a wine and cigar party, or a ball, at which he revels till 3 A. M. in the smiles of a tarlatane angel, whom he may ask to waltz ad libitum, but dare not for his life—or his honor, which is dearer—ask any other question, until he has got gray hairs and a thousand pounds a year. Dares not, for the worldly fathers, the still more worldly mothers, nay, the young daughters themselves, who, under their innocent muslins, are slowly hardening into premature women of the world, would stand aghast at the idea of "love in a cottage." Such an out-of-date, absurd, preposterous thing! Which it is—for people who bring to the said cottage the expectations and necessities of Hyde Park Gardens or Belgrave Square.

Yet, on the other hand, it is hardly possible to over-calculate the evils accruing to individuals and to society in general from this custom, gradually increasing, of late and ultra-prudent marriages. Parents bring up their daughters in luxurious homes, expecting and exacting that the home to which they transfer them should be of almost equal ease; forgetting how next to impossible it is for such a home to be offered by any young man of the present generation, who has to work his way as his fathers before him. Daughters, accustomed to a life of ease and laziness, are early taught to check every tendency towards "a romantic attachment"—the insane folly of loving a man for what he is, rather than for what he has got: of being content to fight the worldly battle hand-in-hand with one that is worth clasping, rather than settle down in comfortable sloth, protected and provided for in all external things. Young men—but words fail to trace the lot of enforced bachelorhood, hardest when its hardship ceases to be consciously felt. An unmarried woman, if a good woman, can always make herself happy; find innumerable duties, interests, amusements; live a pure, cheerful, and useful life. So can some men—but very, very few.

Scarcely any sight is more pitiable than a young man who has drifted on to past thirty, without home or near kindred; with just income enough to keep him respectably in the position which he supposes himself bound to maintain, and to supply him with the various small luxuries—such as thirty guineas per annum in cigars, &c.—which have become habitual to him. Like his fellow-mortals, he is liable enough to the unlucky weakness of falling in love, now and then; but he somehow manages to extinguish the passion before it gets fairly alight; knowing he can no more venture to ask a girl in his own sphere to marry him, or be engaged to him, than he can coax the planet Venus out of her golden west into the dirty, gloomy two-pair-back where his laundress cheats him, and his landlady abuses him: whence, perhaps, he occasionally emerges gloriously, all studs and white necktie—to assist at some young beauty's wedding, where he feels in his heart he might once have been the happy bridegroom—if from his silence she had not gone desperately and sold herself to the old fool opposite, and is fast becoming, nay, is already become, a fool's clever mate—a mere woman of the world. And he—what a noble ideal *he* has got of our sex, from this and other similar experiences! with what truth of emotion will he repeat, as he gives the toast of "the bridesmaids," the hackneyed quotation about pain and sorrow wringing the brow, and smile half-adoringly, half-pathetically at the "ministering angels" who titter around him, and go home avouching "What a charming person is Mr. So-and-so. I wonder he never gets married." While Mr. So-and-so goes home sardonically minded, to his dull lodgings, his book, and his cigar, or—he best knows where. And in the slow process of inevitable deterioration, by forty he learns to think matrimony a decided bumbug; and hugs himself in the conclusion that a virtuous, high-minded, and disinterested woman, if existing at all, exists as a mere *lusus naturæ*—not to be met with by mortal man now-a-days. With a grunt—half-sigh, half-sneer—he dresses and goes to the opera—with a friend's "boxe," of course, poor fellow!—or settles himself on the sofa to a French novel, and ends by firmly believing us women to be—what we are painted there!

Good God!—the exclamation is too solemn to be profane—if this state of things be true, and it is true, and I have barely touched the outer surface of its unfathomably horrible truth—what will the next generation come to? What will they be—not our cities and kingdoms, but our men and our women? The possible result, even in a practical, to say nothing of a moral light, is awful to think upon.

Can it not be averted? Can we not—since, while the power of the world is with men, the influence is undoubted with us—can we not bring up our girls more usefully and less showily—less dependent on luxury and wealth? Can we not teach them from babyhood that to labor is a higher thing than merely to enjoy, that even enjoyment itself is never so sweet as when it has been earned? Can we not put into their minds, whatever be their station, principles of truth, simplicity of taste, helpfulness, hatred of waste; and they being firmly rooted, trust to their blossoming up in whatever destiny the young maiden may be called to? We should not then have to witness the terrors that beset dying beds when a family of girls will be left unprovided for: nor the angry shame when some thoughtless young pair commit matrimony, and rush ignorantly into debt, poverty and disgrace, from which—*facilis descensus Averni*—all the efforts of too late compassionate relatives can never altogether uplift them.

Nevertheless—and I risk this declaration without fear of its causing a general rush to the register-offices, or the publication, at every out-of-the-way church in the three kingdoms, of surreptitious banns between all the under-aged simpletons who choose to fly in the face of Providence by marrying upon

Nothing a week, and that uncertain—very!

—nevertheless, taking life as a whole, that it consists not in what we have, but in our power of enjoying the same; that there are things in it nobler and dearer than ease, plenty, or freedom from care—nay, even than existence itself; it is not Quixotism, but common sense and Christianity, to protest that love is better than outside show, labor than indolence, virtue than mere respectability. That in this present day—putting aside those cases where duty and justice have claims higher than either love or happiness—there is many an instance of cowardly selfishness, weakness and falsehood committed by young people of both sexes, under the names of prudence, honorable feeling, or obedience to parents; there is many an act petted under the name of a virtue, which is a much blacker crime before God, and of far more fatal result to society—to society at large, than the worst of these improvident marriages.

DRUDGES, DOLLS, AND WOMEN.—There are three classes of women:—First, domestic *Drudges*, who are wholly taken up in the material details of their housekeeping, husband-keeping, child-keeping. Their housekeeping is a trade, and no more: and after they have done that, there is no more which they can do. Next, there are domestic *Dolls*, wholly taken up with the vain show which delights the eye and the ear. These ask nothing beyond their function as dolls, and hate all attempts to elevate womankind. But there are domestic *Women*, who order a house and are not mere drudges, adorn it, and are not mere dolls, but Women. Some of these—a great many of them—conjoin the useful of the drudge and the beautiful of the doll into one Womanhood, and have a great deal left besides. They are not wholly taken up with their function as housekeeper, wife, and mother.—*Theodore Parker.*

THE HAUNTING FACE.

BY E. H. H.

When daily cares and thoughts give place
To quickened memories, oft on me—
Sudden, unthought of—gleams a face,
Which no one else will ever see.

No space can be within my ken
But there it haply lies in wait;
The shadows veil it in the glen,
The rays reveal it on the height.

Down gazing in a stream that lies
Unruffled 'neath the placid air,
I meet the light of those deep eyes,
And catch the gleaming of the hair.

Or, as I watch the changing sky
When fleecy white the blue enshrouds,
That face, as from a casement high,
Looks out through openings of the clouds.

The solid darkness of the night
Around it forms a background deep;
It ever greets me, warm and bright,
Within the vestibule of sleep.

Unsought it comes, unbidden stays;
And yet, all dreamlike tho' it be
No actual form that meets my gaze
Has such significance for me.

It tells of years that golden glide,
Of joys with no regrets between,
Of life expanded, glorified—
Of other things that might have been.

Fair as of yore, as young, as bright,
So grows it on my vision now,
Years never rob the eyes of light,
Nor leave a shadow on the brow.

Yet on no earth, nor in the skies,
Exists the face that haunts me so;
That shining hair, those beaming eyes,
Faded forever, long ago.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE

HAUGH AND THE UPLANDS.

A VILLAGE TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

"He saw by my face that I had recognized him, and seemed possessed by the idea that I meant to give him up; for he immediately added with an oath, 'that he was so nearly gone, that I should get nothing by my trouble; and that unless I swore to let him die in peace, not a word should I get out of him, though he had that to tell me which I should be glad enough to hear.'

"I assured him that I had no intention of giving him up; for that—although, had I met him in health, he would have had a terrible account to render me of that day's doings—as he had now so short a time to live, I was not the man to make his end more miserable than I feared the remembrance of his past misdeeds must cause it to be; and added, that I trusted he would think of the solemn change that was so near at hand for him, repent of his past life, and ask for mercy of Him, before he must so soon appear for judgment."

"'Well done, Dick!' an' well said, too!" remarks Farmer Pearson, approvingly: "I'arson Dale hisself couldn't ha' said it better."

As for Farmer Mathews, who has followed his son's recital with an eagerness painful to behold, he says nothing, though more than one tear has rolled down his thin cheeks as he listens.

"My exhortations had not much effect, I ar," continues Richard, "for he bade me, roughly enough, 'Stop prating, sir,' 'not bother 'im with any nonsense.' But he was relieved by my assurance that he should not be disturbed, and seemed disposed to reveal something that lay on his mind.

'Well, say what you have to say: and first all tell me how you happen to know my name, why you deceived and misled me as you did, were so anxious to get me into your power,'

I, for my curiosity which had always been only excited whenever I called to mind the incidents of that day, was now keener than ever: afraid was I lest the wretch should slip ough my fingers before I could get the mys explained.

Instead of answering my questions, he red, with a sneer, 'Well, I s'pose you ain't d nothin' from the old boy yet? But in ase you ain't: I'd take my oath Jack Hill be sharp for that.'

'Jack Hill? *Good God!*' cried I, a sudden breaking upon me, 'what a fool have I

Well, if this 'ere ain't a pretty go! An' so 've been a-keepin' on it up all these years, a-tin' on him, an' a-thinkin' as he were your al' Oh, but he be a rare hand, he be!' said scoundrel, with a faint chuckle, for, weak as is, he still seemed to enjoy the thought of cessful villainy; 'why, Jack Hill wanted to es out o' his road, and promised me a hun pound to send you where they tell no tales! who but him an' me planned for to make away? an' hadn't I been a-waitin' about country, off an' on, a-fiddle-faddlin' an' a- my time for a month or more afore we you off? By gad! but I thought you'd a' a-tackin' there till doomsday!'

You say Jack Hill wanted to get me out of road?' I exclaimed, scarcely able to believe ears, but remembering how often we had ked over the project of my running away, and w he had always urged me on to do so, but I d never done him any harm, and he was al- ys treated with the greatest kindness by my ther; what motive could he have had for plot- against me?'

Why, you see, maybe the old man were too him, an' trusted too much to him, an' put it into Jack's noddle that if you was the way he might chance to step into your n—'

'Insolent vagabond!' muttered Harry, be- his teeth, and dealing a tremendous blow his clenched fist at some imaginary counte- a few feet from his own—

—And then comes that matter o' the mo- an' drives him clean desp'rate; so that I do e he'd ha' made away wi' you hisself: only ere too devilish white-livered for the job, an' it over to me.'

Money!' cried I, 'what money are you ing of? I don't know what you mean.'

No, I s'pose you don't; how should you? very likely as Jack 'ud let you into that r,' replied the scoundrel, with another le. 'Why, there were a chap, a tax-gath- as used to go to your house; an' Jack Hill lways an itching to lighten his pockets for but he could never just see how to manage it wi'out gettin' hisself into trouble. But by'nby it strikes him as how 't would be easy enough to fix the robbery on you, if so be as you could be got to cut stick just as he nabbed it.'

"I felt myself turn sick with horror," continues Richard, "as I remembered Jack Hill's forcing that five pound note upon me—after taking all my own money from me—and then making me promise to dine at the inn at L———: on purpose, no doubt, that I might be obliged to get it changed there to pay for my dinner. For I saw at once how strong would be the presumption against me, and what a load of grief and shame my boyish folly must have brought upon all I loved. I could have died—I think—willingly, at that moment; so overwhelmed was I with remorse and horror," pursues Richard, drawing his hand hastily across his eyes, amidst a murmur of sympathy and indignation from his listeners, "at any rate, I know that I wept like a child, forgetting, for the instant, every thing else, even the presence of the dying wretch who had been the accomplice in all this villainy.

"But this weakness did not last long. I felt that, having discovered the wrong that had been done me, I should be able, in time, to prove my innocence, and wipe off the undeserved reproach that had been brought on an honest name by these wretches.

"'You'd best keep quiet a spell, an' let me go on while I can,' said the wounded man, with evident contempt for the emotion I had betrayed; 'but gie me a drink first,' he added, looking eagerly to the can of water that stood beside the bed. 'It's not much o' that liquor as I've drunk for this many a day,' he said, when I had given him some water, 'an' it's not much more on it as 'll pass my throat again, I reckon. But ye've been a friend in need to me, Dick Mathews—though it's little kindness as I've deserved at your hands—an' so I'll e'en make a clean breast while I'm about it.'

"He was evidently sinking fast; and I determined not to interrupt him again.

"'Well,' he resumed, 'Jack Hill got you off at last, just in the very nick o' time for the money; an' I'd undertook to get you snug aboard our lugger, for I knowed I could soon make sure o' the rest o' the plank, if so be as I could once get you to sea.'

"'But if I had refused to go with you?' I asked.

"'Why, then I should ha' gone along wi' you; an' waited for a safe chance o' gettin' Jack's tin,' he very coolly replied, 'as long as we'd got you to sea at all, Jack were safe for a bit; an' he'd a' had time to try some other dodge.'

"'But if I had gone back to my father?'

"'Why, you see, we was pretty sure, if we could once get you off, that you wasn't the chap to go sneakin' back again in a hurry; an' I don't much think as you could well ha' gi'en me the slip, either,' he added, musingly, and as though revolving the possibilities of the matter in his own mind, 'for I promise you I were sharp-set arter Jack's hunderd, an' I shouldn't ha been over-nice in makin' sure ou't. But if so as you'd a-gone back in spite o' me, why Jack 'ud just ha' bolted wi' the money. Well, Jack get's you off, as you know, an' I overtake you; an' you swallows the bait like a young gudgeon as you was. I 'spected as you'd turn restive when you found you was caught; but I didn't care for that, for my comrades was ready to lend me a hand if need. But them land-sharks spiled my game, for I were shot down at the first round, an' you got off. When I found I were in for't, I'd a precious good mind to turn agin Jack; but he swore if I'd keep mum he'd lend me a hand in the Colonies, an' as I know'd there was good pickings out here, I holds my tongue, an' they sends me over.'

"'But your time can't be out yet,' I remarked, 'how did you get your liberty?'

"'Aisy enough, "French leave," you know,' answered the rascal, with an expressive grimace. 'Jack had sent me over fifty pounds, for he knew better than to cut up stingy wi' me; so I gives a trifle to an old chum o' mine as had served out his time, an' got whitewashed, an' was a-goin' back to the old country on a bit of a spree; so he puts hisself down in the ship's books by my name, an' as nobody thought o' lookin' for me in the Colonies arter that, I clapped on a wig, an' went off to the Diggins. They couldn't nab him, you know,' he added, with another leer, 'or, if they did, they'd soon find they'd got the wrong sow by the ear, an' let him off again. I done pretty well out there for the matter o' the gold; but t'were always "aisy come, aisy go," wi' me, for I spent all I made as fast as I got it; an' now them pals has taken my last bit o' dust from me, an' gi'en me a deal more than I ax'd 'em for, into the bargain! Well, it's a rum chance, anyway,' he continued, after a pause, 'that I should come here, o' all places, to kick the bucket in, after a-doin' you such a turn! But don't bear malice—I feel I'm a-goin'; just say you forgive me,' he continued, in a voice that was now almost inaudible, and fixing upon me his heavy eyes, on which the death-films were already gathering.

"'You have done me a great service, at last; and though you have also done me cruel wrong, I forgive you, freely, even as I myself hope to be forgiven; and may God forgive you as I do!' I answered."

"An' quite right, too," interposes Farmer Pearson, sententiously, with a glance round the circle. "'Forgive your enemies,' you know; it's a fine thing to do, an' a right one,' an' as he were a-dyin', you couldn't do no less. Otherwise, in course you'd ha' given the scoundrel his due. Blame that Jack Hill, though!" he continues, with a sudden burst of indignation; "I hope there's no danger o' *his* not gettin' his due, at any rate!"

"Let the Squire alone for that, father!" observes Harry.

"An' do you let talkin' alone, Harry!" retorts Farmer Pearson, impatiently, "an' not keep interruptin' o' Dick's story. I don't see, for my part," he adds, rather testily, as he perceives the smile with which this injunction is received by the young people, "what's got into young folk now-a-days, that they can't never be quiet for five minutes together, without talkin' an' gigglin'! Now, Dick, my lad, go on."

"My patient was by this time so nearly gone," resumes Richard, "that I feared it would be impossible to get another word out of him. Yet I was most anxious to procure some proof of Jack Hill's guilt, as I felt that it might be difficult to clear myself of the charge against me, with neither witnesses nor documents of any kind to support my statements, and nothing to go upon but the confessions of a malefactor of so abandoned a character, and who would, moreover, be dead long before I could make any use of his evidence.

THE ORIGINAL INDIA HOUSE, LONDON, IN 1620.

On the last day of the year 1600, A. D. Queen Elizabeth, in the forty-third year of her reign, affixed her signature to the first charter of the East India Company. In this remarkable document she stated that she did so "for the honor of the nation, the wealth of her people, the encouragement of her subjects in their enterprises, the increase of navigation, and the advancement of *lawful traffic*." It is painful to reflect that the sway of Britain since that period, which has extended so widely over the country of Hindostan, has been often injurious to the natives, and to the soil.

The above engraving represents the first East India House, in 1620. It was the mansion of Sir William Craven, a merchant, who had been Lord Mayor of London. The style of the building declares its age; it was surmounted by the figure of a huge, square-built mariner, and those of two large dolphins at the corners. This is copied from an antique plate still preserved in the British Museum. This ancient edifice was, for a considerable period, the office where the East India Company transacted their business. The building then extended only the length of the western wing of the present edifice, and was occupied by a single director. Another House was built in 1726, several parts of which remain; but the present front, and great part of the present India House, were added to it in 1799. Several private houses, adjacent to the old House of the Company were purchased, and taken down, for the purpose of enlarging the site.

"'I have no doubt of the truth of what you have told me,' said I, bending down, and speaking in his ear, 'but can you not give me some proof that may help me to bring the robbery home to Jack Hill?'

"He understood me, but could only gasp out, "'Find a chap as calls hisself Will Parsons—Jem Hardy—Dandy Joe—all one—shortish chap—light hair—pock-marked—our old gang—tip him—he'll peach!'

"He now sunk into apparent insensibility, and a few hours afterwards he was dead.

"There was nothing about him except his digger's licence, and his tools. These I deposited at the Police-station, and the body was buried with the aid of some friends."

"A good riddance!" exclaims Farmer Pearson.

"You may imagine how impatiently I now turned my thoughts homewards," said Richard, resuming his narration; "but I saw that I must act with the greatest caution, in order not to give the alarm to Jack Hill, who would be very sure to take himself out of my reach if he had any intimation of my intended return. I therefore wrote again to him, as usual, telling him that—as my father persisted in keeping up his anger against me, in spite of all my efforts and entreaties—I had made up my mind to give myself no further trouble in seeking for a reconciliation; that I had done very well at the mines, and had now money enough to take a sheep-run, and set up as a grazier, and had determined to settle in Australia, and enjoy life in my own way for the future.

"Having despatched this letter, I at once set about my preparations for leaving the colony. A few days sufficed for this purpose, and I sailed for England in a vessel that left within a week after my letter, and landed yesterday at Southampton. Feeling pretty sure that Jack Hill—cunning as he is—would swallow the bait, and hoping to have him taken into custody before the news of my return could reach him, I went straight to Southwood Park, which I reached at dusk—found the Squire at home, told him my story, and here I am!"

A fresh chorus of welcomes, mingled with outbursts of horror at the long tissue of crimes thus brought to light, follows the conclusion of Richard's narration; and a thousand questions rise to the lips of his friends, which, however, they are too anxious to learn the result of the Squire's measures, to find time to put into words. Harry, unable to restrain his impatience, goes off to see what has been done; and the two fathers follow him upon the same errand. Aunt Mary suddenly remembers that Richard must be hungry—or ought to be—and insists upon his placing himself at the table, where, to satisfy her motherly anxiety, he makes a show of attacking the strawberries and cream. While Bessy seats herself beside him, and Dame Pearson and her daughter—too much excited to remain still—keep running every few moments to the door, where they peep out into the passage, in the vain hope of hearing something of what is going on.

But they are not left long in suspense; for Farmer Pearson soon reappears, red in the face with anger and disappointment.

"Off, by gad!" cries he, in a storm of vexation, "the Squire ha' searched the whole place through, high an' low, top an' bottom, garrets, cellars, an' barns, indoors an' out, an' not a sign of the fellow! Though how he can ha' got off, wi' the Squire, an' Dawes arter him, an' all their hands a-watchin' round the house, beats natur! My mind misgiv' me, when he jumps up an' goes off so sudden from supper: but all I can say is, if he heard Dick an' the Squire afore we did, he ha' got sharp ears to that devil's head o' his! But never you fear, my lad," he continues, slapping Richard on the shoulder, as the young man springs to his feet with a vague idea of instantly scouring the whole length and breadth of the kingdom in search of the traitor, "never you fear! Let the Squire alone for turning every stone over until the rascal's found. First place, he's a-posted a dozen stout hands all about the farm, to watch through the night, in case the varlet should ha' hidden hisself anywheres on the place; an' if so be as Jack Hill's here, and so much as moves a finger, they'll nab him afore he can cry 'Jack Robinson!' Next place, he ha' sent off a lot more hands, wi' lights, to look through the country, an' gie' the alarm, in case he'd be makin' for ower seas; an' ha' sent a *messenger post-haste* on horse-back to L———, wi' a telegraph-message, to the Lunnon P'leece, wi' a full pictur o' the ugly lout, an' a' he've been up to; an' there'll be posters out to-morrow in a' the big town, an' five hundred pound for whoever can lay hold the fellow; blast him!" cries Farmer Pearson, wiping his face vehemently, as he concludes his statement, "he'll be cleverer than I think him, if he gets off arter that."

Somewhat reassured by this intelligence, and feeling also that it would be useless for him to attempt anything by his own efforts—it being now, moreover, as dark outside the house as it is in the nature of an English July night to be—Richard suffers himself to be dissuaded from his intended peregrinations: and learning from Farmer Pearson that the Squire, with Farmer Mathews, Harry, and the servants of the farm (the latter, for obvious reasons, not being as yet apprised of his return) are making a second minute examination of the premises, he goes off with Farmer Pearson to assist in the search.

In the course of a few minutes, a confused tumult of voices, followed by a loud hurrahing, is heard from a distant part of the rambling old building; and all the women start to their feet, and hasten off in a body in the direction of the noise, supposing that the culprit has been discovered. But great is their disappointment, on reaching the scene of the uproar, to learn that it has been occasioned by the sudden appearance of Richard, and the hurried explanation now given to the household of the villainy of Jack Hill, and of their young master's return to bring him to justice.

This second search having proved as unsuccessful as the former one, a couple of stalwart rustics are left—with a jug of cider—to keep watch in the kitchen, the rest of the servants are dismissed to their quarters, and the house is made fast for the night; after which arrangements, the indefatigable Squire returns to the sitting-room, followed by the rest of the excited group.

But it is now near midnight; and when everybody has drunk—in Farmer Mathews's famous old wine—to the health and happiness of the returned wanderer—with a sly addition to this toast on the part of Squire Southwood, who insists upon drinking also the health of the young couple "to be"—that gentleman takes his departure, and Farmer Pearson carries off his family in the wake of the Squire.

The happy party having thus broken up, Aunt Mary will not allow of chairs being drawn again round the fire to-night, but insists upon everybody's going immediately to rest, though Richard declares himself to be too much excited to close his eyes, and Bessy protests that she shall not be able to sleep a wink for thinking of all the things she has to say to him; so, after receiving a solemn blessing from his father,—who has recovered something like his usual self-possessed and quiet bearing—Richard is conducted in triumph to his bed-room by his aunt and sister.

In this old chamber, which he remembers so well, everything has been carefully preserved just as when he left it; and tears start to the wanderer's eyes as he glances round upon the familiar objects.

"You won't run away from us again, dear Dick!" says Bessy, throwing her arms round his neck, and standing on tip-toe to kiss him.

"No, Bessy," returns her brother, his handsome face glowing with affectionate pride as he clasps her in his arms, and kisses her fair, smooth brow, "not unless you all determine to punish me for the mischief I have done by sending me back again."

"No danger of that, Mr. Runaway!" cries Bessy, coming down again on her little feet, "but, do you know," she continues, with a mischievous sparkle in her eye, though blushing slightly withal as she thinks of Harry, "I've been so much afraid that there might be some charming young lady out there in Australia, wanting to get you back again."

"You may be perfectly easy on that score, my dear little sister," replies Richard, smiling, but with an earnestness that Bessy thinks almost disproportioned to the gravity of the insinuation, as she dutifully assumes the candlestick which Aunt Mary holds out to her; and, with an affectionate embrace from the kindly widow, and the assurance, scarcely needed, that his bed is "thoroughly aired," he is left to court the favors of the Sleepy god as best he may.

CHAPTER IV.

Three months have elapsed since the night when Richard Mathews so unexpectedly returned to the Uplands, and Jack Hill so mysteriously disappeared; but notwithstanding all the exertions of the Squire and the police, no clue has yet been obtained to the hiding-place of the latter.

The principal offender having thus apparently succeeded in eluding pursuit; a strict search has been set on foot with a view to discovering his confederate—the "Dandy Joe" to whom the dying scoundrel at the Diggings had referred his intended victim for further light on the subject of Jack Hill's delinquencies—who, from the description of his personal appearance furnished by the people of the inn at L———, was supposed to have been the bearer of the letter containing the pretended intelligence of Richard's death. So slight an indication, however, would scarcely have sufficed to put our friends on the track of this personage, but for the fortunate discovery—among a few unimportant papers found in Jack Hill's room—of a portion of a torn and dirty letter, containing the words "Mary Ann," and bearing the postmark of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where it had been mailed only a few days before, and which, it seemed likely enough, might have had some reference to the writer's agency in the matter of that suppositious epistle.

Acting upon this hint, a detective officer was at once despatched to Newcastle, accompanied by one of the waiters from the "Pig and Whistle," duly disguised, whose testimony would serve to establish this assumed identity; and after they had visited some five-and-twenty vessels of various descriptions, all rejoicing in the euphonious appellation of the "Mary Ann," the object of their solicitude was at length discovered among the crew of a coal-barge.

When taken into custody, this worthy individual—who, in addition to his former stock of aliases, was then known by the name of Daniel Banes—inveighed against the injustice of such a proceeding with all the indignation of injured innocence, expressed with the peculiar elegance of his class: but a few hints, judiciously thrown out, respecting the portentous consequences that would infallibly result to himself—not only from his share in Jack Hill's latest piece of villainy, but also from his former connection with the crew of the "Sally Mason"—should he, by showing himself intractable, render it necessary to make a closer inquiry into his past history, soon induced him to change his tactics, and to reveal what he knew of the machinations of Jack Hill.

From the statements of this new witness, it appeared that Jack Hill was believed to have been born in London, where he had been abandoned by his parents at so early an age that he had no remembrance of ever having had a home: that he had passed his wandering and predatory childhood in the streets of the metropolis, where he had at length joined a gang of housebreakers, in whose company he, the deponent, had first made his acquaintance: but that, being of a cowardly and cunning temperament, and preferring fraud to force, he had become alarmed at the perils of his new profession, and had left it to connect himself with a gang of counterfeiters, to whom his manual dexterity and a certain natural aptitude for business, rendered him very valuable; but that this band having been discovered, and its leaders captured by the police, the promising neophyte was obliged to look out for some other field in which to develope his talents. That his repeated experiences of the precariousness and danger of illicit avocations, had determined him to take up with some regular employment, and that he therefore left London, where an inconvenient recognition might preclude the possibility of successfully assuming his new character, and wandered through the agricultural counties on the south coast, in search of employment. That having succeeded in getting work at the Uplands at a time when Farmer Mathews was short of hands for the busy season, and having contrived to ingratiate himself with his new master by an appearance of zeal and devotion to his service, he had made up his mind to remain there, trusting to his genius to enable him to make good his footing there, and to turn his situation to his own profit. That the frequent visits of the tax-gatherer had for a long time excited his cupidity, but that the fear of discovery had compelled him to forego the prize until Richard Mathews's determination to go to sea coming in opportunely to the aid of his designs, he had encouraged the boy in his project of running away, got at the money by means of false keys, in the use of which his apprenticeship to the housebreakers had rendered him a proficient, and having contrived to fix the stigma of the robbery upon his master's son, had placed the money in a bank (in some seaport town, he believed,) having previously destroyed the pocket-book. That he himself—"Dandy Joe," Daniel Banes, &c.,—had meantime tried his hand at many things, and, among other attempts at earning a livelihood, had joined the crew of the "Sally Mason"—a small craft that plied constantly between the opposite shores of the Channel and the North Sea, and kept up a contraband traffic in brandy, silks, lace and tobacco—maintaining an occasional correspondence with Jack Hill, and lending him a hand in any little emergency in which his help was needed by that worthy, and that thus, among other services, he had introduced him to one William Galloway—or "Bouncing Bill," as he was familiarly designated by those who shared the honor of his more intimate acquaintance—who also belonged to the crew of the "Sally Mason," and who had engaged, "for a consideration," and through some process with regard to the precise nature of which they had not thought fit to enlighten him—to secure the absence of the farmer's son. That, by some chance, he had been absent from the rendezvous at which the affray with the coast guard had taken place, and which had resulted in the breaking up of the gang, and the capture of "Bouncing Bill," and several of his friends, who had subsequently been compelled to "leave their country for their country's good;" and that he had then lost sight of the young man, of whom he had heard nothing further until a short time previous to the visit of the detective, when Jack Hill had required his assistance in putting into execution the trick of the letter, which trick had been concocted between them, he having written it under Jack Hill's dictation, and being furnished by him with the Bible and handkerchief which were to attest its authenticity. He stated, moreover, that Jack had appeared greatly elated at this, their last interview, and had told him that there was now no fear of the young man's return, for that he was as good as dead, though not through any deed of his—and that before long he should marry the old man's daughter, and get everything into his own hands; whereupon, he, "Dandy Joe," had expressed an humble hope that Jack Hill would not forget an old friend in his prosperity, and that individual had magnanimously promised to give him a free passage to Australia, and twenty pounds to begin the world with, when these grand prospects should be realized. And, lastly, he protested that he knew nothing of Jack Hill's flight or present whereabouts: and thought it very hard that he should be hauled up for matters in which he had played only a subordinate part, especially now that he was doing his best to earn an honest living on board the coal-barge "Mary Ann."

Though the validity of this last plea might be fairly considered as open to question, yet, as nothing definite could be proved against the "Dandy" beyond his having acted as a confederate in the affair of the letter, and as he evidently knew nothing of Jack Hill's retreat—for threats and bribes had alike failed to get anything out of him on that point—he was at length dismissed, after repeated examinations, in which Squire Southwood took an active part, with an urgent warning to take heed of his ways if he wished to keep out of trouble for the future.

The "Dandy's" belief that Jack Hill had lodged the stolen money in a bank in some seaport town, having led to inquiries among the banks of the principal ports on the coast, it has been ascertained that a person calling himself James Hillgrove, but whose description tallies perfectly with that of Jack Hill, had placed, at different times during the last seven years, in one of the Liverpool banks, various sums of money, amounting in all to about eleven hundred pounds; and that the whole of this money was withdrawn by that person on the day following that of Richard's return; and as the steamship "Asia" left that port the same day, at noon, for the United States, it is thought that Jack Hill, having secured his booty, must have gone out in her to that country.

Minute inquiries have been made on board the "Asia," and a large reward has been offered for Jack Hill's apprehension in America; but these efforts have hitherto remained without success, and it is probable that he has succeeded in eluding pursuit, and in conferring the inestimable benefit of his acquisitions, peculiar genius, and varied experience, upon the inhabitants of the New World,

But though the revelations of the confederate have failed to secure the apprehension of the principal criminal, they have served to confirm the dying confessions of Galloway, and have effectually refuted the calumnies of which Richard Mathews had been so long the unconscious victim.

Squire Southwood—who recalls with regret the endorsement which his authority, based on the report of his friend, Captain Melrose, had given to the suspicious current against the young man—has not only devoted himself with the utmost energy, as we have seen, to the search for Jack Hill and his accomplice, but has taken every opportunity of vindicating the character and conduct of his *protégé* among all to whom his influence extends. The kind-hearted Curate, too, whose good offices had been so often exerted on behalf of his former favorite, even while supposing him to have committed the crime attributed to him, has not been backward, it will be readily believed, in lending his influence to the task of shifting the odium of past offences on to the right shoulders; and as the young man's innocence is recognized, not only by hearty Farmer Pearson, but by the stern old father himself—who would have been, the villagers think, (and truly) the last to justify his son unfairly at the expense of another—our friend Richard has the happiness of again holding up his head, cleared from all shadow of distrust, among the friends and acquaintance of his boyhood.

But while so happy a revolution has been taking place in the sentiments of West Newington towards him, Richard himself has not been idle.

In the first place, he has assisted his father in making a thorough examination into the state of the farm, and of the accounts, which, for the last few years, have been left pretty much in Jack Hill's hands. From the latter it is evident that that personage has carried on a long and cautiously-executed series of peculations which would fully account for the sum of money supposed to have been lodged by him in the Liverpool Bank, and for the corresponding decline in Farmer Mathews's pecuniary resources; while the symptoms of neglect, of which we have already spoken, have led to the adoption of various plans for amending the culture of the Uplands, and increasing its value, which, as Richard has brought home several thousand pounds, and has devoted a portion of the same to the improvement of the patrimonial homestead, will doubtless be carried into execution.

Meantime to Farmer Pearson's sorrow, the Three Meadows are no longer for sale. They have been purchased "just as he always knowed they would be," by some fortunate possessor of a larger store of ready money than our worthy friend can at present dispose of; and thus the long-desired opportunity of adding these cultivated lands to the Haugh has been lost, perhaps forever.

To his additional vexation, Farmer Pearson cannot even ascertain who is their purchaser, though the land-agent, who has managed the sale, is understood to have let fall something about their having been bought by "a party in London."

This has been a sad blow to Farmer Pearson, though he tries to console himself with the idea that—inasmuch as the lost Meadows can never, from their position, be so valuable to any one else as they would be to the owner of the Haugh, part and parcel of which he devoutly believes that they were originally intended to be—their new owner may, perhaps, at some future time, be tempted to part with them; and although, as he regretfully remarks, "a bird in the hand is worth *two*—aye, an' a power o' *twos!*—in the bush," he will go on saving up the purchase-money destined to their prospective acquisition, with as much resolution and patience as before.

As for Harry, he is too thoroughly happy in his affection for Bessy, and too *well* satisfied with "the dear old Haugh," as it is, to share the intensity of his father's feeling on the subject. Yet he, too, exceedingly regrets this disappointment: partly because he would have been glad to see the Meadows added to the Haugh, in due course of time, and when the profits of the latter had sufficed for their purchase, but still more because, like a dutiful son, he would have rejoiced to see his father's darling wish thus realized. Moreover—though Harry knows the genuine kindness of his father's heart, and has no fear that there will be any lack of loving welcome in his reception of Bessy—he fears lest he may yet unconsciously harbor a lingering wish that his son, by the choice of a richer wife, had enabled him to take advantage of the opportunity of buying the Meadows; and Harry cannot bear to think that one so dear to him as Bessy may perhaps be associated with even the *shadow* of a regret in his father's mind.

No further explanation has taken place between the two fathers on the subject of the new will, whose tenor Farmer Mathews communicated to his old friend on the day when we first took the liberty of introducing ourselves into the sitting-room at the Haugh.

Farmer Pearson, however, takes it for granted that his neighbor—fully reconciled to his son—will again require the services of the attorney at L———, and that the Uplands will, as a matter of course, descend to Richard instead of to his sister. And Farmer Pearson would not, for a moment, wish it to be otherwise: *nor*—it is but fair to observe—does he any longer regret his son's choice.

"To be sure he would ha' been glad to be able to buy the Meadows: an' it *is* vexin' to ha' let the chance slip through his fingers: but then Bessy is such a dear, good girl, if not a rich one, an' will make such an excellent wife for Harry, an' as nice a darter for him an' the dame as could be found in the county. An' Harry—disobedient young dog!—do so dont upon her, that mayhap, arter all, things be best as they be."

To this effect has Farmer Pearson delivered himself, in a conjugal tête-à-tête with his better half, within the shadow of certain elaborate patchwork curtains most carefully preserved by her ever since she completed them in her younger days at the village-school: and the kindly dame—having soothed him by expressing fully as much sympathy as she really feels with his disappointment at the loss of the Meadows—energetically applauds the conclusion of his discourse.

So the old habits of familiar intercourse have sprung up again between the inmates of the Uplands and the Haugh; and the young people pass a good part of every day together, rambling through the meadows, visiting the ruined castle among the hills, conning over the wide, breezy common, or wandering along the beach, which is but a few miles from the village, and consequently quite within the reach of such stout walkers as they are.

The seniors occasionally join the Juniors in their walks, but more often welcome the united forces of both families to tea or supper in one or other of the respective households. But whether luxuriating in the open air, among the yellowing tints and mellow sunlight of the early autumn, or gathering in friendly gossip round the fire in the rapidly-lengthening evenings, Richard's lively descriptions of his travels and adventures furnish inexhaustible amusement to his listeners. Nor is it altogether irrelevant to the course of our story to remark that the curly-headed Dorothy Pearson—whose merry face and laughing eyes are the very light of her father's existence, and seem also to possess a peculiar fascination for her old playmate—is far from being the least interested in his recitals.

Things are in this satisfactory state between the two families, when Farmer Mathews again drops in at the Haugh, to have another confidential chat with his old friend about the "young folk."

The kitchen is as resplendently clean, shiny, and cosy, as when we first introduced ourselves within its precincts. The autumn sunshine lies goldenly upon the garden outside, where dahlias, hydrangeas, Michaelmas-daisies, and chrysanthemums, have succeeded to the gayer blossoms of preceding months: but an abundance of roses, a few late carnations and straggling sprays of mignonette—bent to the earth under their weight of seed-pods—still perfume the air with a lingering reminiscence of summer odors.

The farmer and his dame are seated—as is their wont of an afternoon—he in his great wicker chair beside the fire, she at her little table with her basket of work: both looking just as they did when we first saw them.

But Farmer Mathews seems to have grown fully twenty years younger since the day when he sat in that same place and chair, and spoke in the bitterness of his soul, of the lost son—doubly lost, as he then believed him to be—whom he never thought, nor wished to behold again.

Having deposited his hat between his feet as usual, "Well, neighbor," begins Farmer Mathews, in a voice so cheery and so unlike the stern, subdued tones of former times, that the dame involuntarily looks up at him, with one of her blythe smiles, between the long rows of darning she is inserting into the heel of a stocking, "three months ago we agreed to let our young 'uns take their own way: an' if so be as you think as I do, there'll be no need o' puttin' off the weddin' much longer. But as we'd settled it that my Bessy were to ha' the Uplands—which were a' right an' fair then, but which now, ye'll agree wi' me neighbor, would be a great wrong to Dick—why, I thought t'were best to step over here for another word wi' you about the matter, 'specially as your Harry's quite o' the same mind as my Bessy about it, an' would not hearken to takin' the old place from Dick, even if I was willin' to give it to 'em, which I'm not, an' which, I think, neighbor, you yourself would not wish me to do."

"No, I wouldn't wish it, neighbor," returns Farmer Pearson, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and leisurely re-filling it, "an' I don't blame ye for the change. The Uplands should be your Dick's, as the Haugh 'll be my Harry's: I've naught to say agen that. An' now the Three Meadows is gone," he adds, with a sigh, "why, a trifle o' money more or less is no object. Your Bessy's a good girl, an' I'm well content as it is. I say nothin' o' Harry, for ye know his mind about her; an' as for my dame, I'm blest if I don't think she loves her a'ready a'most as well as our Dolly."

"Ye never spoke a truer word than that, father!" chimes in the pleasant voice of Dame Pearson.

"I b'lieve ye, both," rejoins Farmer Mathews, "an' when I say that my girl 'll not want for a trifle when the weddin' day comes—though mayhap I cannot gie' her quite as much as I'd ha' liked her to take wi' her into her new home—it's wi' no thought that her welcome 'ud a been a colder one wi'out it; but jest acause it's pleasant to me to ha' anythin' to gie' her, arter a' the old troubles an' losses. But this is not a' I came for to say. I think you must ha' seen," he continues, with a smile, "as how my Dick sets about as much store by your Dolly, neighbor, as your Harry do by my Bessy: an' I hope there's no reason why we may not ha' her to live wi' us at the Uplands, when you ha' my Bessy wi' you ower here. In short, John, Dick ha' set his heart upon Dolly, an' as they two ha' come to a purty good understandin' a'ready, I don't see as we can do better than e'en let 'em take their own way as the others ha' done afore 'em."

While Farmer Mathews expresses himself to this effect, Farmer Pearson—who is not gifted with any great perspicacity in these matters, and has consequently been quite in the dark where other people have been seeing very clearly—first abruptly stops smoking, then slowly draws the pipe from his mouth, with a look of the most utter amazement, and at length—as the idea fairly presents itself to him—jumps up from his chair with a loud laugh, and, dropping his pipe, seizes his old friend by the shoulders, exclaiming, "Your Bessy here, an' my Dolly at the Uplands, an' never to leave her old father at a'! If this don't beat natur' my name's not John Pearson! Bring out the gooseberry, dame! bring out the *gooseberry!* Why, wife," he continues, suddenly turning upon his better half, who is laughing heartily at his astonishment, "why, you don't mean to say as you knowed what were a-goin' on, an' ne'er told me a word about it?"

"An' pray why should I tell you, John, when you'd eyes in your head as well as me? An' if you couldn't see what were a'goin' on under your nose—"

"Egad! say no more, wife!" cries the husband, interrupting her, "where be my little witch, my little curly-pate? I'll go *off* this very minute, an' know what she means by playing her old father sich tricks as this!"

"You'll not have to go far to look for her, father!" cries a joyous voice from the garden, as the door is suddenly opened, and Harry makes his appearance at the head of the quartette, with Bessy on his arm, and Richard's tall figure just coming into view behind, though apparently prevented by the action of some opposing force, from following Harry into the room.

"Here she is!" cries Harry, pitilessly pointing over his shoulder at poor little Dolly, who, in a terrible state of blushes, is endeavoring to run away, but is nevertheless gently drawn into the doorway by her attendant cavalier.

One stride takes Farmer Pearson to the door, where he catches his daughter by the waist with one hand, and gives her a sly little pinch of the ear with the other, with a couple of his bouncing kisses to keep it company: shakes hands with Richard, and then with his father, kisses Bessy, kisses the dame, then kisses his daughter over again, and bestows a hearty thump on Harry's back, by way of winding up this emphatic expression of his satisfaction, amidst the laughter of the young men, in which Farmer Mathews and the dame are fain to join, not without a little help from the two girls, whose bashfulness is not quite proof against the general hilarity.

This burst of excitement over, the tiny glasses and renowned "gooseberry" are produced from their receptacle, and duly honored by all present; when it turns out that the young people have been walking together, as usual, and the two youths—being aware of the nature of the errand which has brought Farmer Mathews to the Haugh, had mischievously determined upon making an inroad upon the council, accompanied by their unsuspecting companions. But Farmer Mathews declares that he has not yet said half of what he has to say, and insists upon the intruders' going off again, while he finishes his confabulation with Farmer Pearson.

"Don't talk to me about givin' anythin' to your Bessy!" cries the latter, when the young people are again fairly out of the way: "ain't my Dolly to be missus of the Uplands, an' ain't that enow for me, wi'out countin' the load as is off my mind wi' the thought o' her goin' off some day to a new home, an' so as good as lost to me? Tush, man, ne'er you say another word about money!"

"Well, you see, neighbor, I've a'ways managed to keep a trifle for Bessy's weddin'-day, come when it should, an' that she must have—Uplands or no Uplands—an' there's naught to be said about it. Besides, Dick 'ud not be pleased to think o' his sister goin' empty-handed into another home, no more than me," returned Farmer Mathews, with a sly smile.

"Very well," replies Farmer Pearson, "if that's the case, I've nothin' more to say, neither, only this:—I've a thousand pounds laid up in the bank for my Dolly, an' that 'll be her weddin'-portion. I a'ways thought as I'd a-laid it up for a rainy day: but, egad! it 'll be a sunny 'un arter a', neighbor? An' as the young folk seem to know their own minds pretty well, why, in God's name, let's e'en ha' the weddin' wi'out more ado, an' ha' done wi' it!"

CHAPTER V.

The result of the conference recorded in the last chapter, having been duly communicated to those whom it most concerns, it was decided, after a good many objections on Dolly's part to so hasty a proceeding, that the double wedding should take place without farther delay: Harry arguing that although the consent of their fathers had been obtained so short a time ago, his engagement with Bessy ought to be reckoned as dating from some immemorial time in their childhood, and Richard—backed by Bessy, who has set her heart upon her friend's being married at the same time with herself—pleading so persuasively the long intimacy of other days, that poor little Dolly's scruples are at length overruled.

Miss Bombury, the milliner, has consequently been thrown into a state of most unwonted excitement and importance, by being called upon to prepare—at the shortest possible notice, and under certain stringent directions from the Widow Tollman, that have sadly cramped the flight of her genius in regard to style and trimmings—the wedding-finery of the two brides, and of the two young ladies—daughters of neighboring farmers—who are to enact the scarcely less conspicuous parts of bridesmaids: to say nothing of various additions to the sober toilets of Dame Pearson and the Widow, destined to impart additional lustre to the happy occasion.

In view of the approaching events, Richard has taken Harry under his wing, and the two young men have laid under requisition the skill of the principal tailor in L———: to the great indignation of Messrs. Rouse & Golding, who have recently added a flaming "Clothing Department" to the other full-blown temptations of their establishments, and who naturally consider themselves aggrieved by the slight thus put upon themselves and their wares. As, however, the two groomsmen—West Newingtonians, of most unsophisticated experience and taste—have ordered their habiliments for the grand ceremony from the "Clothing Department" in question, and as, moreover, Farmer Pearson and Farmer Mathews have both been measured there for a full suit of the very finest blue broadcloth, with waistcoats of Canary-colored kerseymere, the whole to be set off with a liberal allowance of the brightest of bright, brass-buttons, Messrs. Rouse & Golding have smoothed their ruffled plumes, and are gradually regaining something of their usual equanimity.

Both at the Uplands and the Haugh many preparations are in progress. Rooms are being papered, and fitted up with new furniture, and various little articles of comfort and adornment, by the young bridegrooms for their future wives. The young men have tried hard to keep their respective doings a secret, with a view to the pleasure of giving them a "surprise" at the proper moment; but as Bessy assists Aunt Mary and Richard with might and main in the pleasant work of preparing for Dolly's reception, while that young person is equally busy in helping Dame Pearson and Harry make ready for Bessy, it is to be feared that there will be no great "surprise" for either of them, after all.

The important morning at length arrives, ushering in a warm, bright October day. Over the landscape, rich with the variegated hues of the declining year, lies a soft mellow haze, that gilds alike the broad expanse of sea in the distance, the ruined tower among the hills, the white walls of the cottages, the autumn-flowers in their gardens, and the spire of the old church looking out from amidst the company of venerable elms that stand around it.

A slight wind just stirs the tops of the trees in which the rooks are cawing as incessantly as ever, and the village-chimes peal out merrily on the fresh morning air.

The two bridal parties, in all the glory of white muslin and orange-blossoms, blue cloth and brass buttons, had met in the church. John Douglass, who arrived at the Uplands last evening, for the purpose of being present at Richard's wedding, and who has presented the two brides with the pretty brooches, set with pearls, which, to the great admiration of the bridesmaids, they wear in their white dresses, is here also. The Squire and his sisters, with Captain Melrose, who is again visiting at the Park, are in their family pew; the remaining Misses Dale are in theirs: and as all West Newington has gathered to witness the ceremony, the quaint little church is quite full of friendly faces.

The brief rite is soon over, and is followed by a vast deal of shaking of hands, and of hearty congratulations from the Curate, the Squire, and the ladies; Captain Melrose felicitating Richard very cordially on his return. Then come greetings and good wishes from all the rest of the parish: and at last the bridal party, with Parson Dale and the young ladies, and a few of the neighbors who have been invited to the wedding breakfast, adjourn to the Uplands.

This banquet, which is laid out on a long table in Aunt Mary's pleasant parlor, is unanimously declared to be a triumph; and its splendors—to which the united skill and resources of both homesteads have contributed their utmost—have been still farther enhanced by an enormous venison pasty sent by the Squire, and a magnificent cake presented by his sisters. The latter, whose snowy summit is surmounted by a Temple of Hymen, in which, amidst a host of frosted fruits, flowers and Cupids, stand two pairs of lovers in the unalloyed sweetness of an existence all of sugar, is considered to be the most brilliant success ever yet achieved by Mrs. Comfit, the housekeeper at the Park.

The two brides are rather silent, and a little disposed to be sad at the thought of leaving their old familiar homes; but the change of scene will be so slight, and they will still be so near to parents, home and each other, that it hardly seems as though the exchange can be so very serious a matter, after all. And Farmer Mathews is so proud and so happy as he looks upon the handsome, open face of his long-lost son—Farmer Pearson is so joyous at the thought that his darling is not to be taken out of the reach of his daily vision—the Dame and Aunt Mary are so radiant with satisfaction at the happiness around them, and at the certainty of keeping their children near them—the young men are so quietly and thoroughly happy—the bridesmaids and their attendant swains, in the excitement of the occasion and the dignity of their office, and John Douglass, as an old friend, and one, too, who has been so intimately associated in the darkest passage of their past history, are in such capital spirits—and the company in general find delight so happily blended with the duty of doing justice to the good things before them—that the breakfast passes off with the greatest possible gaiety and *eclat*.

But even wedding-breakfasts must come to an end. The last toast has been drunk, the last speech delivered; and the carry-all, which is to take our young friends through the first stage of their wedding tour, drives up to the garden-gate, whither all the servants on the place, bountifully supplied with white shoulder-knots, have adjourned from the kitchen, where they have been drinking copious libations to the health of the young couples and their own, in Farmer Mathews's best cider, and are now drawn up in a body to witness the departure.

The heads of the horses are also adorned with gigantic favors of white satin ribbon, as is the hat of the ploughboy—dressed in his Sunday suit, and his face a-glow and shiny with the scrubbing he has bestowed upon it—who, being the best driver on the farm, has been promoted to the honor of holding the reins for the nonce. This vehicle will convey the young people to L———, where they will take the train for London, whose wonders they are now to behold for the first time, for not even the travelled Richard has yet visited the modern Babel.

The appearance of the carry-all is the signal for the breaking up of the party; and Farmer Pearson, passing one of his great hands tenderly over his daughter's curly head, now draws forth with the other from his capacious waistcoat, a bran-new pocket-book containing ten bank notes of a hundred pounds each, which he bestows upon her with his blessing, and a pair of kisses even heartier and more noisy than his usual salutes; while Farmer Mathews, his face beaming with a smile that has quite banished its old stern and care-worn look, bestows his fatherly benediction in like manner upon his daughter, and places a roll of parchment in her hand.

Bessy's gentle face turns pale on the instant, for there darts through her mind a vague but painful apprehension of its having something to do with the dreaded will that was to dispossess her brother of his birthright. But what is her amazement and delight, as she hastily unrolls the document, to see that it is the title-deed of the Three Meadows, and confers the ownership of the same upon "Henry and Elizabeth Pearson and their heirs forever!"

This unlooked-for realization of the one great desire of Bessy's unselfish heart—after the long-deferred hope of her brother's return—is at first almost too much for her. Placing the deed in Harry's hands, she throws her arms first round her father's neck, and then round her brother's, and tries in vain, amidst tears of joy and gratitude, to tell them how much she thanks them for the gift. But she need not try to tell them that, they know it already, and are just as happy about the matter as she is.

Harry's exclamation of surprise and pleasure—as he casts his eyes over the deed—brings his father to his side in an instant.

"Why, what's a' this?" cries Farmer Pearson, taking the deed out of Harry's hands, and scarcely believing his senses as he catches a glimpse of its purport. "Egad! if this don't beat natur'! Why, neighbor!" he continues, turning abruptly upon his old friend, "what do it a' mean? An' how come ye to get hold o' the land? I can't understand it, anyway!"

"Why, ye must know," replies Farmer Mathews, still smiling, and greatly enjoying his perplexity, "that when I'd made the new will, as ye wot of, Bessy couldn't abide the thought o' takin' the Uplands; for she still looked to see Dick back again, spite o' *it* said an' done. So her an' Harry makes up their minds, a' to theirselves, an' settles it atween 'em as how, if so be Dick should ever come back, an' clear up his good name, or even if so be as he come back minded to mend his ways—as we thought so bad!" he adds, with a touch of self-reproach at the remembrance of the unmerited blame his son had borne so long, "he should still ha' the Uplands; an' Harry 'ud ne'er gainsay it. Indeed, I b'lieve 't were your Harry as first promised her this o' his own free-will, when he find how set she were in her notion about Dick's comin' back. So, when Bessy tells Dick o' this, an' how noble your Harry behaved, a-promisin' her never to stan' in his light, why, as Dick ha' brought back a little cash o' his own, he wouldn't hear to such a thing as not comin' down wi' summit handsome for Bessy. An' so me an' Dick puts our heads together, an' buys the Meadows straight off, for fear anybody else should step in afore us. So, now ye know the whole hist'ry o' the business, neighbor; and long may the Meadows go down wi' your old place to children an' to children's children!"

"Amen!" cries Farmer Pearson, with an exultation that—stout though he be—threatens almost to lift him off his feet. "Amen, old friend! to your children an' to mine!" he continues, shaking Farmer Mathews violently by the hand. "Well, I don't say what thoughts I may once ha' had about the land;—I may ha' been right, I may ha' been wrong;—but that be neither here nor there. But this I do say, an' truly—an' I know a' here present 'ull b'leeve me when I say it, that I were as glad an' as proud to see your Bessy my Harry's wife, five minutes ago, when I thought she'd brought him little more than her own sweet face, an' her good heart as we a' loves so dearly, as though she'd ha' been the richest girl from here to John O'Groat's! But I'm not ashamed to say now—an' I've no call to be!—that the day as sees my Dolly at the Uplands, an' your Bessy at the Haugh, an' the Three Meadows joined on to the old place forever, as they was a'ways meant to be, is the proudest an' happiest day o' my life, an' 'ull be the same if I should live for a thousand years to come!"

"And of mine!" "And of mine!" exclaim a chorus of voices, while the two brides disappear, accompanied by Dame Pearson, Aunt Mary, and the two bridesmaids.

They soon reappear, however, duly equipped in their travelling habiliments, and ready to begin their journey; and as Farmer Pearson insists upon it that "as go they must, they shall go at once, wi' no leave-takin', no whimperin', no fuss, an' no nonsense," the adieus are shortened to a mere "God bless you!" and a hurried "good-bye!" and the bridal party are soon ensconced in the white-favored carry-all, in which their slender luggage has already been stowed away. The rustic Jehu transcends himself in honor of the occasion, and the carry-all rumbles away at a rapid pace, and is soon out of sight of the watching friends who follow it with such hearty thoughts of love and good-will.

One by one the guests now take their departure. The groomsmen escort the bridesmaids to their homes, looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the festivities that will follow the return of the wedding-party from their jaunt; and possibly allowing their thoughts to wander even further into the future. But this is a point which, being no affair of ours, we will not pause to ascertain; and the rest of the visitors having now withdrawn, we will follow their example, and leave the heads of the two families—now so happily united—to enjoy at their leisure the bright anticipations of peace and prosperity to which they look forward with such unmingled satisfaction. THE END.

☞ The highest degree to which a weak mind commonly elevates itself, is the capacity to find out the debilities of better intellects.

☞ The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correctness of language, but who, by honest industry, had realized a comfortable independence, being called upon at a social meeting for a toast, gave, "Success to forgery!"

☞ Friendship is the only rose without thorns in this world.—*Mme de Scudery.*

THE EYE OF GRAY.

Poets have praised the eye of black,
And eulogized the melting blue,
Have laid their fancy on the rack,
To celebrate each varied hue;
But not one single word they say
About the pleasing eye of gray.

I like the mild gray eye—the face
Which most I loved had eyes of gray,
And if each glance emits no blazes,
As those of black, I know that they
Possess a charm that can subdue
Hearts that withstood both black and blue.

The face is fair, with eyes of black—
With eyes of gray is still more fair;
For what the last in life may lack,
Is made up by the softer air
Imparted to the lovely face,
That gray or blue as often graces.

The black may pierce the gazer through,
And make the lightest spirits dance—
Our souls may melt before the blue,
Or die away in pleasure's trance;
But I will still my homage pay
To the enchanting eye of gray.

The eye that kindly beams on me,
Shall always meet a like return;
And I will bend the ready knee,
Where'er those glances meet or burn,
And idolize the lovely hue,
Whether of gray, or black, or blue.

A DETECTIVE OFFICER TURNED SHOWMAN.

Lately, one of the detective officers on duty at the Manchester (England) Exhibition, accosted Mr. J. C. Deane, the general commissioner, and said:—

"I want to know, sir, what I am to do with a man and woman that are here; the man is one of the greatest pickpockets we have, and he is only just out of jail, where he has been serving eighteen months."

Mr. Deane turned round and saw a stylishly dressed couple, the *quasi* gentleman being "made up" excellently, and wearing an eye-glass. They knew it was futile to attempt to escape from the lynx-eyed officer, and so they stood quietly near him.

The officer added—

"They have been searched, and there's nothing on them; and, as they have paid their half-crowns, the man pleads hard to be allowed to see the Exhibition."

"Well," said Mr. Deane, "you had better show them round the Exhibition, and then show them out."

The officer took the hint, and forthwith became the most polite and attentive *cicerone*. He pointed out the principal pictures, and other objects of *vertu*, all of which were duly scanned by the gentleman with the eye-glass; and when the inspection (which was a most ludicrous one to those who were in the secret) was over, in somewhat less than two hours, the visitors with the unenviable reputation were introduced to all the officers in the Exhibition, and then taken to the entrance to the Botanical Gardens from the transept. They went into the gardens, and, it is scarcely necessary to add, that they were not seen again in the Exhibition.

CONFIDING HUSBAND ON THE STAND.—A complicated case of assault and battery was up, in the Special Sessions. A German named Kaufman, who keeps a liquor store on the Third Avenue, charged another German, named Schlagenhammer, with breaking the glass out of his windows, and assaulting his person.

"He struck me mit his feet," said the plaintiff, "he break my glass mit his stick; he say he teach me behave mit his stiefel."

In proof of this assault, he called on Karl Schmeid, who occupied the same building, and who gave a full and detailed account of the whole transaction, omitting no circumstance which could aggravate the guilt of the accused.

"You swear positively to this?" said the defendant's lawyer, on cross-examination.

"Yaw, I swear absolute."

"You were an eye-witness to this occurrence?"

"Yaw—a witness. I vas—vat now you calls it—supbeaned—I vas supbeaned as one witness."

"Yes, yes, but did you see this assault upon Kaufman?"

"I see nichts—I don't seed it."

"Where were you at the time of this assault?"

"I was in the Winter Garden in the Bowery."

"Then you did not see the fight?"

"Nein; I sees noting."

The Court—"How then do you know the facts which you have sworn to?"

Witness—"I know, for meine frau tolt me, and she speaks every wort trut."

The witness was dismissed.—*New York Evening Post.*

A ROD IN PICKLE.—If there is any conduct that is supremely mean and contemptible, it is that of subscribers to newspapers who, after receiving the journal one, two, three or more years, *without paying for it*, slink away like sheep-stealers, and leave the Postmaster to write—"Mr. ———'s paper is not taken from this office. Cause, gone to parts unknown." Sometimes these scaly gentlemen don't run away, but with an effrontery that is characteristic, "refuse" to take the paper any longer. Now, if their refusal was accompanied with the cash for arrearages, the publisher would be very happy to "stop the paper."—*Woonsocket Patriot.*

☞ Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a familiar spirit, yet superior to our own.

☞ As the shadow follows the body in the splendor of the fairest sunlight, so will the wrong done to another pursue the soul in the hours of prosperity.

☞ There is said to be a fellow who is habitually so sleepy that his curiosity cannot be awakened. Such is not the case with his wife, however.

☞ There needs but one wise man in company, and all are wise, so rapid is the contagion.

☞ The Cuban women have a trait of character so noble that Madame Le Vert declares she cannot refrain from mentioning it: "They never speak ill of each other, but always find some palliation for the errors of their own sex." This is a tacit admission that such charity is almost peculiar to the fair Havanese.

☞ A Western editor expressed his delight at having nearly been called "honey" by the gal he loves, because she saluted him as "Old Beeswax" at their last meeting.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour have materially increased during the past week, and with an accumulating stock, a limited demand both for export and the supply of the home trade, and discouraging quotations from abroad, the market has been flat, and prices, if anything, have favored buyers. The sales for shipment comprise about 5000 bbls at $5,25 a 5,31½ for standard and good brands, and $5,50 a 5,75 for Penna and Ohio extra, including 600 bbls, a fancy brand, at $6,75; and 500 half do on terms kept secret. There has been a steady inquiry for the supply of the retailers and bakers, within the range of these quotations. Rye Flour has been dull and offered at $4,50 without finding buyers. Corn Meal has met a very limited inquiry, and 250 bbls Penna sold at $3,18½ ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been a fair amount of Wheat arriving, but the demand for it has been quite moderate, and prices have fallen off 2a3c ₩ bush. Sales of 32,000 bush Southern and Penna, ranging from $1,10 a 1,27 for inferior and prime red, and $1 20a1,35 for white, chiefly of the latter description, at $1,30a1,35. Rye has been in good request, and has been taken on arrival at 75c. Corn has met an active inquiry at the advance noted at the close of last week, and about 30,000 bush have been sold at 59c for old, and 56a62c for new, according to dryness. A lot of new white sold at the latter figure, and 1000 bush old do from the cars at 75c. Oats have also been in good demand, and prices have advanced 1c ₩ bush; sales of 18,000 bush Delaware and Penna at 33a35c, closing at the latter quotations. A lot of Barley sold at 85a87c, and 1500 bush Barley Malt at $1,10 ₩ bush.

PROVISIONS—The market has been extremely quiet, the stocks being about exhausted. Sales of 200 bbls Mess Pork at $19a20,50 ₩ barrel, and Prime at $17a18, cash. City packed Mess Beef is held at $18a19, cash, but the sales at these rates are only to a small way for ship stores. There is little or no Western here, and it is not wanted. Bacon—There has been very little inquiry, and but a trifling amount offering. Small sales of Hams at 11a12c for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides are nominally held at 12c and Shoulders at 11c ₩ lb, cash and 60 days. There is no Green Salted Meat here, and none expected until after the 1st of December. Lard continues dull, but supplies come forward slowly. Sales of 200 bbls at 12c, and 300 kegs at 11c ₩ lb cash. Butter is very dull. Sales of 300 kegs Solid Packed Pennsylvania and Ohio at 12c, and Roll at 14a15c ₩ lb, cash. Prices of Butter and Cheese as last quoted.

BARK—There has been a good inquiry for Quercitron Bark, with further sales of 70 hhds No 1 at $30 ₩ ton. There is now but little stock here to operate in. In Tanners' Bark nothing doing.

BEESWAX—Continues to come in slowly; 1000 lbs good yellow sold at 24c ₩ lb, cash.

CANDLES—There is a steady demand for Adamantine, with further sales of City Manufactured at 21a22c, and 1000 boxes Western at 18c ₩ lb, 6 months. In Sperm and Tallow no change.

COAL—The trade continues in a very unsatisfactory condition. The inactivity noted for weeks past still continues, but prices have undergone no change. The receipts both by Railroad and Canal continue quite moderate, and the shipments to the Eastward are limited. No Bituminous Coal coming forward, and it is not wanted.

COFFEE—The market continues very quiet, but prices are firmer. Small sales of Rio at 9¾a10¼ and 500 bags Laguayra at 9¾a11c ₩ lb, on time. By Auction 1867 bags Rio sold at 9¾a10¾c—averaging $10,10.

COPPER—The sales of both English Sheathing and Yellow Metal have been limited at our former quotations.

COTTON—The market continues extremely quiet. The stock is also very light, but about equal to the demand, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 130 bales Upland at 13¾a13¾c ₩ lb, cash for low grades and fair quality.

DRUGS AND DYES—Trade in this department has been at a stand for some time past, and the only transactions reported this week worthy of notice are 3a4m casks Soda Ash at 2¾a3¼c ₩ lb, 6 months.

FEATHERS—There is not much inquiry, and the sales are only in small lots from 50 to 52c ₩ lb, cash.

FISH—The demand for Mackerel has been quite limited, and prices are drooping; 5a600 barrels have been disposed of on terms not made public. Small sales from store at $12 ₩ bbl for medium No 1's; $11 for No 2's; and $9a9,25 for No 3's. In Herring no change. About 2000 quintals Codfish sold on terms kept secret.

FRUIT—The late accounts from Europe are favorable for Raisins, and they are held with rather more firmness. Sales of 5000 pkgs have been made at $2,25 a2,40 ₩ box, and half and quarter boxes at proportionate rates, and 500 bags Seedless at 4¾a4¾c. 100 boxes Lemons sold at a price not made public. Domestic Fruits is unchanged. Green Apples are selling at $1,50a3,50 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples range from 6a7c ₩ lb, according to quantity and quality. Cranberries are in good supply and selling at $6a7,50 ₩ bbl, as to quality.

GINSENG—There has been nothing doing. The last sale of Crude was at 15c ₩ lb, cash.

GUANO—We continue our former quotations, but the operations are of the most trivial character.

HEMP—There is little or no demand, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—Continue very dull. No sales.

HOPS—There has been very little inquiry, and the sales are only in small lots at 9a12c ₩ lb for new crop Eastern and Western.

INDIGO—Is held with much firmness, but there has been nothing doing.

IRON—The demand for Pig Metal continues quite limited, and prices are rather unsettled. Sales of 400 tons No 2 Anthracite were made, part at $24, 6 months, and part on terms kept secret, and in a small way from store, at about $23, cash, for No 1; $22 for No 2, and $20 for No 3. In Scotch Pig nothing doing. A sale of Charcoal Wheel Iron at $30a36. A lot of Cast Iron Pipe was contracted for at $45, on time. Bar and Boiler Iron are but little inquired after.

LEAD—Continues quite dull, and prices are about nominal.

LEATHER—Prices are steady for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, but buyers purchase only to supply immediate wants.

LUMBER—There is very little demand for any description, and prices are about nominal. Some Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards sold at $10 ₩ 1000 feet.

MOLASSES—The market continues extremely quiet, and the only sales reported are small lots of Sugar House from 27 up to 43c, as in quality; 63 hhds Cuba, by auction, at 21a25c, and 75 bbls Syrup at 25a37½c, cash.

NAVAL STORES—Supplies continue to come forward very slowly, and the stocks of all kinds are very much reduced. Rosin, Tar and Pitch sell only in a small way, within the range of our quotations. There has been a steady demand for Spirits Turpentine, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 200 bbls 46a47 ₩ gal, cash.

OILS—No change in Fish Oils, and the sales are only in a small way, from store. Linseed Oil sells slowly at 58a60c, cash, and short time, which is a further decline. Red Oil is more inquired after, and sales at the, cash. Lard Oil is dull, and held at $1, cash. Nothing doing in Olive Oil, and but little here.

RICE—The demand has been limited, and the sales are only in small lots at $4a4,25, cash. The stock is extremely light.

SALT—Prices are unchanged. Sales of 3700 sacks Ashton's Fine were made on terms kept private, and two cargoes of Turk's Island at about 22c.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is in demand, but the receipts are trifling, and mostly by wagons. Sales in small lots at $5 ₩ 64 lbs, and some at $5,25. The last sale of Timothy and Flaxseed were at $2,25 ₩ bus for the former, and $1,40 for the latter.

SPICES—Are unchanged. The only transaction reported is 250 bags Pimento, in bond, for export, at 6½c ₩ lb, cash.

SPIRITS—There has been only a limited inquiry for Brandy, but for the finer grades prices are firmer. In Gin no change. New England Rum sells in lots at 40a43c. Whiskey has been in good request, and prices have improved. Sales of 1000 bbls at 22a22c, and bbls at 21a22c.

SUGAR—There has been more disposition, both on the part of the trade and refiners, to operate, and their wants have been freely met by holders. Sales of 1700 hhds Cuba at 6 to 8c, and some Havana at 7¼c ₩ lb, on time.

TALLOW—Is held firmly, and further sales of Rendered have been made at 9¼a9¾ ₩ lb, cash.

TEAS—The demand has been limited, but we continue our former quotations.

TOBACCO—The demand has been limited, and prices are lower. Sales of 75 hhds Mason county were made last week on private terms.

WINES—The sales have been unimportant.

WOOL—There has been rather more inquiry for manufacturing, and prices are firmer. About 10,000 lbs were disposed of in lots on terms kept private.

☞ To have intercourse with reasonable men is extremely advisable, because a coxcomb may learn to act prudently by imitation; some of the greatest blockheads can imitate.

☞ Handsome features alone are incapable of expressing real beauty.

Said Anna's preceptor, a kiss is a noun;
But tell me if *proper* or *common*, he cried;
With cheeks of vermillion, and eyelids cast down,
'Tis both *common* and *proper*, the pupil replied.

☞ In Germany, kissing the hand of a lady is deemed a mark of respect rather than a liberty.

☞ We are in possession of an infallible receipt for making a lady's cheek red without paint. For their special benefit we publish it without charge. Here it is. Place her at a wash tub, with her sleeves rolled up, and a handfull of dirty clothes. Then let her beau suddenly enter, and her cheeks will be glowing red in an instant. Snooks says this receipt has never been known to fail. Just try it, ladies, and if it fails, let us know, that we may publish Snooks as unreliable authority.

☞ We have heard a good many touching expressions of filial affection, but none equal to the following, which a Western man really gave vent to not long since: "My father was the only man I ever allowed to be sassy to me without licking him like thunder!"

NEWS ITEMS.

A THOUGHTFUL WIFE IS A PRICELESS TREASURE.—Such a one has Mr. Peets, proprietor of the Phœnix Hotel, Lansingburg, New York, which was destroyed by fire the other day. He has learned to his surprise, that his wife had effected an insurance of $1,500 on the property with her pinmoney, unknown to him.

THE CROPS IN 1856.—We find the following interesting statistics in the *Patent Office Report*. The money value of some of the principal crops in the United States for the above year, is given as follows:—

Indian corn,	$350,000,000	Garden products,	$50,000,000
Wheat,	217,500,000	Potatoes,	41,250,000
Hay and fodder,	160,000,000	Sugar,	35,000,000
Pasturage,	143,000,000	Orchard products,	27,500,000
Cotton,	125,000,000		
Oats,	68,000,000	Total,	$1,220,250,000

THE BANK of England has advanced its rates of discount to nine per cent.—a higher rate than we recollect having ever been fixed by that establishment. The Bank of Hamburg had also raised its rate of discount to nine per cent. In Vienna the rate is 12 per cent. The Bank of France had made no increase, and its amount of gold had been augmented. On the other hand, the weekly return of the Bank of England showed a decrease in its stock of gold of $3,800,000. Gold was leaving all parts of Europe for the United States. About $500,000 was brought by the Niagara.

A REDUCTION in the Austrian army is said to be positively decided upon. It will be the largest reduction since 1848. Thirty generals are to be placed on the retired list. It is believed that fifty millions of florins will be saved yearly by the reduction.

AMONG the passengers in the Niagara, was Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts, who returns home improved in health, and will probably resume his seat in the United States Senate at the ensuing session.

MARRIAGES AS AFFECTED BY THE TIMES.—The records of the city registrary of Boston begin to show the effects of hard times in the decrease of applications for certificates of intentions of marriage. In the month of October last the deficiency as compared with the same month in 1856, was between fifty and sixty; and during the ten months of 1857, the decrease, as compared with 1856, is between one hundred and two hundred.

GO TO TAZWELL.—Tazwell, Virginia, is one of earth's favored localities. The "hunger mobs" should emigrate to that place immediately. The Tazwell Advocate says that corn is selling at 20 cents per bushel for fattening hogs. A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch writes:—"Living is cheap enough—only think of eggs at 6¼ cents per dozen, chickens at 6¼ cents each, bacon 10 cents per pound, corn 25 cents per bushel, and wood only one dollar per cord, deliverable at your door.

GRAIN RECEIPTS.—The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune of the 12th inst., says:—"The receipts of wheat in this city during the past week exceed one million of bushels. Since the first day of October $100,000 has been paid out per day for the purchase of grain in this market. There has been shipped from Chicago, by lake, since last May, eight and one-half millions bushels of wheat! It is believed the shipments will reach ten millions before the close of navigation.

A STEAM CARRIAGE recently made its appearance in the streets of Manchester, near Pittsburg. It ran over the streets like a thing of life, turning corners and dodging ruts. The driver of an omnibus, seeing innovation in this experiment, put whip to his horses and tried to outrun the steam carriage, but the latter left his coach so far behind, that the omnibus driver was laughed at by the spectators. The steam carriage went at the rate of nine miles an hour with a pressure of sixty pounds. The inventor is John S. Hall, of Manchester.

GOV. MCRAE, of Mississippi, has issued a Thanksgiving Proclamation, in which he says:—"Since I have been in office, I have, in each year, as Governor of the State, without any authority of law, but sustained by ancient custom, appointed a day of thanksgiving. Thursday, the 19th day of this month, is the day now appointed, and I trust it will be observed.—There is, certainly, some super-ruling Providence, which has brought us into existence, and will ultimately accomplish the ends for which we were created, not only as individuals, but as a people. Nothing can therefore be lost by recognizing the obligation which we owe to the Supreme Being—by it much may be gained."

A PRIVATE letter from a reliable source intimates that General Walker, if intercepted at Nicaragua, will next be heard of at Hayti. The United States sloop-of-war Cyane, has sailed for Hayti.

IN Paris a man may dine for two-pence. In the neighborhood of the *Marché des Innocents* there is a certain enterprising Madame Robert who daily feeds some six thousand workmen, in the open air, yet sheltered from the weather. Her daily bill of fare is cabbage soup, a slice of *bœuf* (beef), a piece of bread, and a glass of wine.

THE railroads having, in accordance with a resolution of the Cleveland Convention, discharged all runners, the discharged runners of all roads centering at Indianapolis, Indiana, held convention in that city, on Tuesday, 10th instant, and resolved on an attempt to break down the combination formed at Cleveland. For this purpose, they determined to unite upon certain routes and solicit passengers and freight for them. The public, whose interest is really that of the railroads, should show the runners that they cannot, as they boast, "send the greater portion of the business over the routes they have selected."

THE LATE COLONEL DUNCAN, U. S. A.—Great injustice has been done the memory of this gallant officer, by our newspaper press coupling his name with the expeditions of Gen. Walker. Colonel Duncan, of Palo Alto memory, and late of the United States Artillery, died several years ago, and no United States officer could embark upon such an expedition without forfeiting his commission.

RESUMING WORK.—The following named mills, which suspended during the panic, have resumed work:

"Union Manufacturing Company, at Norwalk, Connecticut; Chicopee Mills, Massachusetts; Rolling and Nail Mills, at Fall River; Massasoit Flour Mills, at Fall River; American Print Works, at Fall River; Eddy's Woolen Mills; The American Print Works; Lounsberry, Bissel & Co.'s Works; Albany Iron Works; Rensselaer Iron Works; Carolina Mills, Fall River; Natick Mills."

MACKEREL ABOUT.—Late indications leave room to doubt that the mackerel have struck in" upon the coast, in the vicinity of Halifax, Nova Scotia. On Saturday, 14th instant, a large number was taken off Prospect, Maine.

A LOSING BUSINESS.—A report of Prince Napoleon on the Great Industrial Exhibition at Paris, in 1855, has just appeared. The total number of visitors was five million, one hundred and sixty-two thousand—the receipts were two million, eight hundred and seventy-five thousand francs, and the expenses were nearly three times as much. The entire loss, therefore was over a million dollars.

THE latest novelty at Astley's (London), is equestrian drama entitled *The War Trail, The White Steed of the Prairies*, founded on story from the graphic pen of Captain Mayne Reid. It is full of horses and trappers and Mexicans. The horses have been admirably trained under the direction of Mr. Cooke, and parts are well sustained by the *ecuyers* and *ecuyères* of the company. The wonderful transatlantic rider, Mr. James Robinson, still continues to attract the admirers of dangerous acts of equitation.—*London Paper.*

NENA SAHIB, A TIPPERARY MAN.—An Irish current mentions a report now gaining ground, that "the celebrated Nena Sahib is a relative of he equally naturious Mr. Regan, who, with fty Tipperary men, swore allegiance to the pay, and sympathy with his atrocities. It is eported that the ancestor of Nena Sahib emiated at some remote period from the town nat now contains his sympathizers, and was own in India as 'the Nenagh Sahib,' or 'Tipy gentleman.'"

DEATH OF A GREAT MILLIONAIRE.—The London Times of the 2nd inst. contains a long biographical notice of one of the "merchant princes" of the great metropolis, who has had most extensive relations with this country. Mr. James Morrison, the eminent millionaire in question, died at his seat, Basildon Park, on the 30th ult., aged 68, and worth $20,000,000, a considerable portion of which, it is stated by the Times, is invested in the United States, and so well invested, too, that it suffers no diminution by the present commercial difficulties. We believe that it was Mr. Morrison who had a suit with the Dry Dock Bank in New York some years since. He went to London a poor boy, and laid the foundation of his great fortune by engaging in the dry goods trade, in which he was the first to introduce the principle of selling at a small profit to increase the amount of his sales. He afterwards invested largely in lands, and owned large estates in several English counties, and also in Scotland. He was many years in Parliament, and was always a Liberal in politics; he was author of a work on the Defects of English System of Railway Legislation, and in 1848 a volume was published by Longman, containing a selection from his Parliamentary speeches. He was a self-educated man, but he possessed a refined taste in literature and art, and had collected a remarkably rich library, and a noble gallery of paintings. He was one of the nobles of England who inherited neither a name nor a fortune, nor was indebted for any of his distinctions to the crown or the people.

AN EXTENSIVE FARMER.—Col. Jacob Carroll, of Texas, is said to be the largest farmer in the United States. He owns two hundred and fifty thousand acres of land (nearly four hundred square miles.) His home plantation contains 6,000 acres, nearly all valuable bottom lands, along the Guadaloupe river. On this farm he has over 600 acres in cultivation, on which he raises annually about 300 bales of cotton, worth at the plantation from $75 to $100 per bale, and 20,000 bushels of corn, worth about fifty cents per bushel. He has a force of about fifty field hands, and he works about sixty mules and horses, and 15 yoke of oxen. Col. Carroll has, on his immense ranges of pasture lands, about one thousand horses and mules, worth $50,000; one thousand head of cattle, worth $7,000; six hundred hogs, worth $2,000; three hundred Spanish mares, worth $15,000; fifty jennies, worth $2,000; fifteen jacks, worth $9,000; and five stallions, worth $2,000. Col. Carroll's property, in stock and negroes, is worth at least $150,000, and the value of his landed estate will swell the amount to over half a million of dollars. His annual income from the sale of stock amounts to from $5,000 to $10,000; and from the sale of cotton to from $15,000 to $20,000.

A YOUNG LADY'S HAIR TURNED TO SNAKES.—A correspondent of the *New England Farmer* says:—"Your paper has been a welcome visitor to our house every Saturday for the last seven years, except one number when you were burnt out. I have read with interest the different communications on hair snakes, and I should like to state what I saw a few years ago. I was visiting a friend, and when we dressed our heads, we wound the loose hair round our fingers and threw it out of the window; my friend's hair was light, mine black. Near the window there was a tub set for rain water; I went to it one day and found several rolls of the hair in motion, and trying to separate themselves; three of them were light, and four black. The boys in this vicinity this season have taken horses' hairs and produced the same result. Now if 'L. W. M.' of North Dana, will set water in the sun next July or August, and take a few spears of hair from some young lady's head and put them in it, if they don't produce motion I will do it for him."

ATTEMPT TO EXTORT MONEY IN ENGLAND.—Two persons have been lately tried in England for an attempt to extort money from Sir W. Cadogan, one of the Directors of the Submarine Telegraph between London and Paris. The men, who held respectable positions in the community, went to Mr. Cadogan, and represented to him that they had obtained satisfactory evidence that he was using information obtained by means of his official position as a Director of the Telegraph, for the benefit of the stock operations of himself and friends. This information they threatened to make public if he did not pay them a certain sum of money. Mr. C. refused their demands, and commenced a prosecution for an attempt at extortion. The investigation which followed showed Mr. C. to be not altogether free from the charge against him, but the accused were, nevertheless, found guilty of the attempted extortion, and were each sentenced to one year in the Penitentiary.

SINGULAR EXPERIENCE WITH A NIGHT LAMP.—A few evenings since, a family at New Britain, Conn., retired to rest, leaving a night lamp burning in the bed-room, filled, as they supposed, with fluid. Upon awaking in the morning, they were alarmed upon discovering the room full of thick, suffocating smoke, and the gentleman was horror-stricken to perceive that his wife was as black as his hat, while the lady nearly went into convulsions at the sight of the colored gentleman beside her. The children were also little niggers, all of them, and the furniture of the room was turned to ebony. On examination it was found that they had used camphene instead of fluid, and that this had deposited the sooty black that so disfigured their complexions.—*Springfield (Mass.) Repub.*

GRAIN IN ILLINOIS.—A Western paper says that in Champaign county, Illinois, and at West Urbana, wheat is only worth, according to weight and quality, from forty to fifty cents a bushel, and the farmers will not market it, but hold it back for higher prices. The same paper says the corn yield of Illinois is without a parallel for quantity—one of the exceptional crops which are said to come once in five years. A Champaign farmer says it will not command above twelve, fifteen or eighteen cents a bushel, and most of it will be used as feed for stock. It is added that not half so many acres have been sown to wheat this fall as were sown last fall, and no farmer will duplicate in 1858 the corn planting of 1857.

TOOK THE STARCH OUT OF HIM.—An instance of "taking the starch out" of an orator, occurred at one of the workingman's meetings in this city. As the speaker presented himself on the platform, he laid down his hat behind him, then gracefully pulled off his overcoat, and with a Webster-like air, came forward, and commenced:

"Fellow citizens! several gentlemen have addressed you this evening, who are better qualified than I am to discuss these questions—"

"That's so!" spoke out a gruff voice from the gallery.

It is needless to add that the response "brought down the house."—*Lynn News.*

A HEROIC DEED.—We find in the English papers an account of a remarkable adventure in which an American took a prominent part. A railroad car took fire, the passengers were in danger, and the guard and driver oblivious of anything wrong. An American in another car, seeing the danger, climbed out of the window, (the doors of the railroad cars in England being always locked when in motion,) and at the risk of his life made his way along the outer edge of the cars, to the guard. The American who performed this deed was Neal Dow. An account of it is given in the London Times.

A CORRESPONDENT of the North American, of this city, says:—"We know of one party who applied in Louisville, where the banks are paying specie, and could only obtain some three dollars, and that was obtained at the risk of his life, as several persons threatened to prevent him if he sought to draw the specie; but with one hand on his revolver, with the other he drew the gold."

THE BEARS IN MAINE.—The Calais Advertiser says, forty-one bears have been killed this fall, in a few of the towns and plantations in that vicinity. One, killed by Mr. Nelson Swett, was judged to weigh 600 pounds. Mr. Baker, of Weston, has killed seventeen of the varmints.

A BAPTIST DENTIST.—A dentist recently wrote to Rev. J. H. Smith, of Buffalo, as follows: "I am a *Baptist dentist*, and, not finding such employment as I could wish, in this village, I would ask what are the chances of my profession in your growing and beautiful city?" The Baptist clergyman who was addressed, replied to the dentist that there were plenty of dentists in Buffalo, and then said: "Permit me to add that I have carefully looked over the outlines of the Baptist faith, and have been unable to discover *tooth pulling* referred to therein. I remain yours, "J. HYATT SMITH."

☞ The wild pine of the West Indies, which grows on the branches of trees in hot climates, where there is little rain, has a mug which will hold a quart; when the dew falls, it is received, and a valve closes at the top and prevents evaporation. Often are birds seen to insert their beaks and procure water therefrom.

☞ "This is a *net* gain," as the spider said, when he caught the fly.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, PEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SIMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

A REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA.—The Oxygenated Bitters have been tested by scientific men, and proved to combine the most valuable tonic properties. Being free from alcohol, no reaction is suffered by the most delicate constitutions.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
Will cure Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, etc., etc.
☞ READ WHAT IS SAID OF THEM. ☜
G. W. BOWEN says:
ANDERSON, IND., Jan. 16, 1857.
"Your Bitters give general satisfaction. I know their virtues, and have the first case yet to hear of where they do not give entire satisfaction. I could get you numerous certificates were it necessary, but in this community their virtues are fully established. I am positive I sell more of them than is sold of any three Patent Medicines in this county. In my own case I have received more benefit from them in six months than I have received from the regular physicians in five years. I can therefore conscientiously recommend them, and do say, I would not be without them in my family for any amount."
For sale at the Principal Office, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28-tf

GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES IN LADIES' FURS. CHARLES OAKFORD & SON, Importers and Manufacturing Furriers, No. 424 Chestnut Street below 7th, will close their entire stock of Ladies' Furs without regard to cost. oct31-tf

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Reading	24¾	25
U S 6 pr ct	—	—	Minehill	39½	39¾
" "	'67 100	—	Har & Lan	53	54
" "	'68 100	—	Chester Val	—	5
" "	'83 —	—	Penna	—	—
" 5 "	—	—	" preferred	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct	93½	96	P W & Balt	19	20
" " new	92	92½	Long Island	9	9½
" 5 "	—	—	Wil'sport & Elmira	2	3
Cam City 6 pr ct	—	—	Catawissa	7	8
Phila 6 pr ct	—	—	CANAL STOCKS.		
" " coupon	—	—	Sch Nav	10½	12
Allen City 6 pr ct	—	—	" preferred	17½	20
" County "	—	—	Lehigh Nav	47	50
Alle co R R 6's	—	—	Morris consolidated	48	50
Penn	—	—	" preferred	90	95½
" 5 "	84½	85½	C & Del	—	—
" " coupon	82½	83½	Union	4½	6
Penn 5 pr ct	85	86	Sus & Tidewater	—	—
" 5 " coupon	78	80	BANK STOCKS.		
Kentucky 6 pr ct	52	—	North Amer	—	140
Penn 6 pr ct	92	—	Penn	10	12
2d m't Penn '63	75	76	Phila	99	101
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	64	70	Far & Mec	30½	32
P G & N R R "	88	90	Commercial	39	45
Reading R R "	67	73	N Liberty	—	30
" m't "	86	88	Mechanics	24	25
H & Lan R R "	—	—	Southwark	—	60
Cha Val R R "	—	—	P Township	—	—
Tioga R R "	—	—	Kensington	—	—
Phil Wil & Bal	85	87	Girard	8½	9
" R R 6 pr ct	—	—	Western	—	—
Long I R R "	50	62	Man & Mech	—	25
Sch Nav '82 "	85½	86½	Kingsessing	—	—
Lehigh Nav "	88	92	Tradesman's	—	—
Morr "	88	92	City	33	40
C & D C "	53	—	Consolidation	—	24
Sus & Tid '78 "	49	51	Commonwealth	—	—
Union Canal	36½	42	Corn Exchange	—	—
Will'mp & Elmira			Pittsburg	—	—
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	80	85	Exch'ge Pitts	—	—
2d " 7 pr ct	52	55	Kentucky	100	103
Catawissa "	42	47	Northern, Ky	100	102
North Penn 6 pr ct	51	51½	Louisville, Ky	105	110
RAILROAD STOCK.			Farmers, Ky	—	100
Cam & Amboy	99	100	Union, Nash, Tenn	—	100
Penna	30½	30½	Plant's, Penn	—	100
Bea Meadow	51	53	Cum & R Vick	61	—
North Penna	27	28	N O Gas Lt	110	112
Phil Ger & Nor	30½	30½			

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY
By R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS, Nos. 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ℔ lb	14 a16	Leg, Loin, Chp ℔ lb	8 a10
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6½ a 8
Rump do	12½a16	Shoulder, whole	8 a10
Chuck pieces	8 a12½	Whole carcass	8 a 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	6 a10	Fore quarter ℔ lb	6
Tongues, fresh	65 a75	Hind do	11
Leg, each	31¼a37½	Chop	12½
Shin	25 a 00	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	6 a12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver, ℔ lb	6½	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ℔ lb	18 a20	Young Pigs	¢1 25 a1 50
Lamb.		Salt and fresh ℔	12 a 14
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Veal ℔ do	12½a 13
Hind do	1 00a1 12½	Tripe ℔ lb	4 a 6
Chop ℔ lb	16 a20	Lard do	13 a 15
Calves Head, each	25 a31	Hams, sliced	12½a 16
		Bologna Sausages	16 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	25 a 40	Corn potatoes bu	75 a1 00
do hf pk	12½a 14	do basket	37½a 40
Beets bunch	4 a 5	do hf pk	14 a 16
Cabbage bbl	87½a1 12½	Onions bus	— a1 50
do hf	3 a 10	Carrots doz	12
Salad head	1 a 5	Tomat's ℔ hf pk	6 a 8
Sw Potatoes (Pine) ℔	2½a1 75	do ℔ basket	50 a 62
do do ℔ lb	6 a 8	Egg Plants, each	3 a 10

FRUIT.

Apples ℔ bkt	56½a1 00	Cranberries qt	10
do hf pk	12½a 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens ℔ pair	31 a 87	Sch Pig'ns pair	25 a 31½
Chickens ℔ pair	37 a 1 25	Woodcock	50 a 75
Pheasants	75 a 87½	Frogs doz	25 a 50
		Snipe, sand	37½

SHELLFISH.

Terr'pin (South) bbl	$4 a5 00	Oysters, Absecom	
do (Ches & Del)	6 a8 00	℔ bkt	62 a 80
Lobsters ℔	8 a 10	do ℔ M	4 a5 00
Clams M	2 a2 50	M Rly Cove M	3 a5 00
		N Y do ℔ bbl	10 a20 00

FISH.

Halibut ℔	10 a12	Perch bunch	6¼a18¾
Bass	6 a 8	Catfish	12
Porgies	— a 8	Eels	6 a12½
Flounders	— a 6	Salt Shad ℔	12
Cod	3 a 6	" Mackerel	12
Blackfish	— a 8	Dry Cod	4 a 6
White Fish	— a 8	Sm'kd Herring bunch	6
Rock	8 a12½	Fresh Salmon ℔	25 a45

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter ℔	23 a35	Honey ℔	20 a25
Roll do	16 a20	Sweetcorn cake	2 a 3
Eggs doz	16 a17		

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
PHILADELPHIA, November 21, 1857.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	2½ dis	Solvent banks	3 dis
Relief notes	par to 5 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	5 dis
Solvent banks	par to 15 dis	ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	7 dis
Solvent banks	par	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	uncertain
Baltimore	2 dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	3 to 4 dis	Solvent banks	3 dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	3½ dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	3½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	par	State bank	3½ dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	12½ dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	3½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	par	Gold banks	10 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	15 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	3½ dis	Solvent banks	9 to 12 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	3 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bk, Galveston,	20 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	7 dis		
CANADA.			
Solvent banks	2 dis		

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the morning of the 19th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, at the house of Richard Peterson, CHARLES LEHMAN, Jr. to SALLIE G. HEALY, both of this city.
On the evening of the 19th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, JOHN C. PRICE, Esq. of Baltimore, Md. to LIZZIE, daughter of Dr. Paul Sg. R. of this city.
On Sunday, Nov. the 1st, 1857, at the residence of Mrs. Nancy Cassile, in Fayette, Missouri, by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, SYLAS GILLWORTH, of Marthasville, Missouri, to Miss EDITHA A. MCWILLIAMS, of the former place.
In Trenton, N. J. on 4th-day, the 12th of the 11th mo. by Joseph Wood, Mayor of that city, JOSHUA PAUL KNIGHT, of Southampton, to LIZZIE RHOADS VANSANT, of Bensalem, and daughter of Benj. Vansant, both of Bucks county, Pa.
In Greenbush, on the 5th instant, by J. G. Thompson, Esq., Mr. L. S. THOMPSON, to Miss SUSANNAH ROSEWELL, both of Greenbush, Clinton county, Mich.
On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. William Blackwood, D. D., Mr. CHARLES M. CARPENTER, to Miss MARY E. READ, both of this city.
On the 5th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, by Mayor VAUX, SEPTIMUS ANDREW, to SALLIE, daughter of Benj. C. Cooper, both of this city.
On the 12th instant, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Rev. GEORGE A. PELTZ, of New York city, to Miss MARY LANE, daughter of Thos. P. Sherborne, Esq. of this city.
On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, D. D., Mr. AUBREY MILLER, of Carpenter's Landing, N. J. to Miss MARGARET H. LEWIS, of Philadelphia.
On the 16th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. HENRY DITSON, to Miss KATE D. FOSTAIN.
On the 8th instant, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JAMES HARLAN, to Miss CAROLINE WHITTELL, both of this city.
On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Gordan J. Maxwell, ISAAC MCBRIDE, to ELIZABETH TURNER.
On the 12th instant, by the Rev. John C. Baker, Mr. JAMES M. BOON, to Miss EMMA J. HUBET, both of this city.
On the 11th instant, by the Rev. G. C. Arnold, Mr. GEORGE ARTHUR, to Miss JANE MCDOUGAL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, ROSA, wife of Owen Clark, aged 53 years.
On the 17th instant, MARTIN O'CONNELL, aged 29.
On the 17th instant, Mrs. REBECCA R. SHUSTER, aged 79 years.
On the 17th instant, Mrs. SARAH KAYER, aged 44.
On the 17th instant, Mr. JOHN HARRIS, aged about 60.
On the 14th instant, Mrs. SARAH SMITH, aged 50 years.
On the 16th instant, Mr. JAMES DUFFIN, aged 58 years.
On the 14th instant, JOSEPH MOSS, aged 22 years.
On the 14th instant, WILLIAM H. RICHARDS, Sr.
On the 14th instant, JOHN S. HAMILTON, aged 35 years.
On the 16th instant, Mrs. SARAH WALLINGS, aged 66.
On the 16th instant, in Chester county, Mrs. ANNA SHEPHERD.
On the 13th instant, REBECCA SHIVLEN, wife of the late Geo. Shiffer, aged 54 years.
On the 17th instant, WILLIAM KENNEDAY, aged 37.
On the 16th instant, ROBERT N. ANDERSON, aged 20 years.
On the 15th instant, JANE H. wife of James Woolman, aged 44 years.
On the 15th instant, RICHARD ALLEN, aged 56 years.
On the 12th instant, MARY W. MANN, aged 31 years.
On the 15th instant, WILLIAM WOOD, aged 46 years.
On the 14th instant, Miss MARGARET POWERS, aged 19 years.
On the 16th instant, Miss CATHARINE MORRIS, aged 18 years.
On the 16th instant, WILLIAM R. NEFF, aged 39 years.
At Salem, N. J. on the 15th instant, Mrs. REBECCA LAWRENCE.
On the 15th instant, Mrs. SARAH YOUNG, aged 70.
On the 14th instant, CATHARINE SHEAL, aged 46 years.

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WE ARE SELLING
ZEPHYRS, all Colors, 17 cents per oz.
STEEL SPRING SKIRTS, $3.75 each.
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SHETLAND WOOL, 10 cts. per oz.
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and 318 South Second Street, below Spruce.
1t

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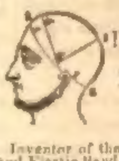
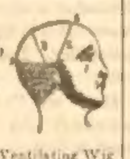

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1858.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.

THE PAPER THAT NEVER SUSPENDS.
A Family Weekly—Devoted to Literature and the News.

In these times of Bank suspensions and Mercantile suspensions, the proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST call the attention of the reading public to their old and firmly established weekly paper, as the paper that never suspends. For over

THIRTY-SIX YEARS

THE POST has been published; and in all that period—through "good times" and through "bad times," through bank inflations and bank contractions, through prosperous seasons and through panics, THE POST has been regularly issued every week, and forwarded to its thousands of subscribers. Its proprietors therefore point to the past as an unfailing index of the future. And they feel that in asking of the reading public a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon THE POST, they are asking no more than what it will be both the interest and the pleasure of that public to grant.

Among the contributors to THE POST, we may mention the following gifted writers:—
WILLIAM HOWITT, ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, ANNA BLACKWELL, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "*AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT*," The Author of "*ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM*," &

Wit and Humor.

A CANDID DEACON.

Deacon M. was an honest old codger, a kind, obliging neighbor, and a good church-going Christian, believing in his creed to the fullest extent; but, alackaday! this pillar of the church was at times a little "shaky"—in fact, the deacon would occasionally get exceedingly "mellow;" and almost every Sunday at dinner he would indulge in his favorite cider-brandy to such an extent that it was with some little difficulty he reached his pew, which was in the broad aisle, near the pulpit, and between the minister's and the village Squire's. One Sunday morning the parson told his flock that he should preach a sermon to them in the afternoon touching many glaring sins that he grieved to see so conspicuous among them, and that he hoped they would listen attentively and not flinch if he should happen to be severe. The afternoon came and the house was full; everybody turned out to hear their neighbors "dressed down" by the minister, who, after well opening his sermon, commenced upon the transgressors in a loud voice with the question, "Where is the drunkard?" A solemn pause succeeded this inquiry; when up rose Deacon M., with his face radiant from copious draughts of his favorite drink at his noontide meal, and, steadying himself as well as he could by the pew-rail, looked up to the parson and replied, in a piping and tremulous voice, "Here I am." Of course a consternation among the congregation was the result of the honest deacon's response; however, the parson went on with his remarks as he had written them, commenting severely upon the drunkard, and winding up by warning him to forsake at once such evil habits if he would seek salvation and flee the coming wrath. The deacon then made a bow and seated himself again. "And now," out spoke the preacher-man in his loudest tones, "where is the hypocrite?" A pause, but no one responded. Eyes were turned upon this and that man: but the most glances seemed directed to the 'Squire's pew, and indeed the parson seemed to squint hard in that direction. The deacon saw where the shaft was levelled, or where it should be aimed, and, rising once more, leaned over his pew-rail to the 'Squire, whom he tapped on the shoulder, and thus addressed him: "Come, 'Squire, why don't you get up: I did when he called on me."—*Boston Post.*

STRAY ANECDOTES.—The corporation of the college of which Judge Davis was a member, have the appointment of a missionary to the Indians in Martha's Vineyard. There was a vacancy in that mission, and two candidates presented themselves for it, one a Mr. Stone, afterwards settled, I believe, at Dennis, and Mr. Fish, who was the successful candidate. A majority of the corporation were at first disposed to take Mr. Stone, but at last fixed upon the last named gentleman, who was preferred by the Indians. Whether Judge Davis's exclamation settled the matter, you and your readers must judge. I cannot. "What!" said Judge D., "if they ask for *Fish* will you give them a *Stone?*" varying a little the language of the Saviour.

Mr. Morse, long ago, a highly respectable minister in Worcester county, was noted for his wit. During the Revolution, the clergy, though distinguished for their patriotism, were sometimes suspected of toryism, by the jealous sons of liberty. This was the case with respect to a minister in Worcester county, and the people called a council of ministers to consider the expediency of dismissing him. Mr. Morse was appointed moderator of the council. The minister was accused of profaneness and toryism, and for having sworn by the British King, frequently exclaiming "By George!" The committee of the parish presented their accusation, and the council long debated about it, till Mr. Morse put an end to the matter by a joke. "By George! *by George!*" said Mr. M., "that *is* bad. What *shall* we do about it? It is lucky he didn't say '*By Jenks!*' as I don't know what we should have done with him."

And the matter ended in a roar of laughter.

In Mr. Morse's day, and perhaps it is so now, when the Supreme Court sat in the town of which he was minister, the clergy dined with the Court. On one occasion, when Mr. M. was dining with the Judges, a young minister who was present entertained himself, perhaps the company, by telling some rather extravagant stories, chiefly about his own exploits. In the course of his declamation, he remarked that his father never whipped him but once, and that was for speaking the truth.

"Well," said Mr. Morse, "he fairly broke you of it."—*Boston Transcript.*

HONESTY OF COUNTRY GIRLS.—An amusing incident took place in one of the large dry goods stores of our city a short time since. A good-looking, honest-faced country girl came to town with her "feller" to do a trifle of shopping.

The magnitude of the store, the piles on piles of goods, the dazzling array of articles, the rows of busy clerks, the flitting cash boys, quite overpowered our good friend, who scarcely knew what to do. Her "feller" obstinately refused to go in, but loitered about the door.

The clerks being all busy just at the moment, the young lady was obliged to remain standing a few moments. At length a dapper fellow with gold watch chain and flourishing moustache, came bowing and smiling up to the blushing customer with, "Anybody waiting on you, madam?"

The color deepened in her cheeks, as she hesitated and drew a long breath, till finally, with a nod of her head towards the door, she faltered out—"Yes, sir, he is."

PAYING TOLL.—"The principal avenue of our city," writes a learned friend in Detroit, "has a toll-gate just by the Elmwood Cemetery road. As the cemetery had been laid out some time previous to the construction of the plank road, it was made one of the conditions of the company's charter that all funeral processions should go back and forth *free*. One day, as Doctor Price, a celebrated physician, stopped to pay his toll, he remarked to the gate-keeper,

"'Considering the benevolent character of our profession, I think you ought to let us pass free of charge.'

"'No, no, doctor,' the keeper readily replied, 'we couldn't afford that. You send too many *dead heads* through here as it is.'

"The doctor paid his toll, and never asked any favor after that."

☞ Is it not very absurd to call Bills that you are not Able to Pay, "Bills Pay-able?"

LATTER-DAY WARNINGS.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

When legislators keep the law,
When banks dispense with bolts and locks,
When hens, whortle-berries and straw—
Grow bigger *dew* each *week* through the box.—

When he that sells a house or land
Shows leak in roof or flaw in right,—
When haberdashers choose the stand
Whose window hath the broadest light.—

When preachers tell us all they think,—
And party leaders all they mean,—
When what we pay for, that we drink,
From real grape and coffee-bean.

When lawyers take what they would give,
And doctors give what they would take,—
When city fathers eat to live,
Save when they fast for conscience' sake,—

When one that has a horse on sale
Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
That holds the iron on the hoof,—

When in the usual place for rips
Our gloves are stitched with special care,
And guarded well the whalebone tips
Where first umbrellas need repair,—

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot
The power of suction to resist,
And claret-bottles harbor not
Such dimples as would hold your fist,—

When publishers no longer steal,
And pay for what they stole before,—
When the first locomotive's wheel
Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's bore,—

Till then let Cumming blaze away,
And Miller's saints blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your ascension robe!

—*Atlantic Magazine.*

MRS. PARTINGTON AT THE BALLET.—"When is the bally troop coming on?" said Mrs. Partington, after watching the dancers at the Boston Theatre about half an hour. "That is the ballet troupe," said Augustus, with a smile, pointing at the beautiful sylphs that were fluttering like butterflies about the stage. She looked at him incredulously for a little while and said, "Well, I believe in calling things by their true names, and what they call them a troop for I don't see. I thought it was a troop of horse, such as they used to have in Beanville." She levelled her new opera glass, given her by Mr. Bigelow, at the stage, and looked long and earnestly.—"Well," said she, "if there every was anybody that needed sympathy, it's them; worn their dresses away up to their knees by dancing, poor creatures, and by and by at this rate they won't have nothing to wear." "Do you know what name should be applied to this performance?" said a fat voice behind her. It was old Roger and the Brahmin who had dropped in with Wideawarth. She said she could not determine about the name. "*Legerdemain*," replied he, quickly. Wideawarth stood beating time as the waves of gauze moved hither and thither in illustration of the poetry of motion, while Ike amused himself by tearing up the theatre bill and putting it into the silk hood of a lady that hung over the back of the front seat.—*Gazette.*

A NEW DISEASE.—At Limiera I became aware of a new disease, which, like the *goitre*, seems to be confined to certain localities. I was sitting in the office of Dr. ——, conversing with him in regard to Brazil, when I observed a Portuguese, about sixty years of age, enter, and demand, with great earnestness, if he thought that he could live. Soon after, a middle-aged Brazilian came, and, seeming to cling to the words of the physician as tenaciously as a divine oracle, made nearly the same interrogatory. Neither of these men appeared in ill-health, and, if I had not heard them state that they had great difficulty in swallowing, I would have considered them in a perfect sanitary condition. Upon inquiry, I ascertained from the doctor that these men had a disease which is widely prevalent in some portions of interior Brazil, but he has never seen a notice of it in any medical work whatever. The Brazilians call it *mal de engasgo*. The first indication of its existence is a difficulty in swallowing. The patient can swallow dry substances better than fluids. Wine or milk can be drunken with more facility than water; still both are attended with difficulty. To take thin broth is an impossibility. In some cases fluids have been conveyed to the stomach in connexion with some solid. The person thus affected appears to be in good health, but in five or six years death ensues from actual starvation. The sufferings of such a one were described to me as most horrible.—*Brazil and the Brazilians.*

SWINGING IN THE BARN.

Swing away,
From the great cross-beam
Through the scented clover-hay,
Sweet as any dream!

Higher yet!
Up between the eaves,
Where the gray doves cooing flit,
'Twixt the sun-gilt leaves.

Here we go!
Whistle merry wind!
'Tis a long day you must blow
Lighter hearts to find.

Swing away!
Sweep the rough barn floor!
While we gaze on Arcady
Framed in by the door.

One, two, three!
Quick, the round red sun,
Bid behind you twisted tree,
Means to end the fun.

Swing away!
Over husks and grain!
Shall we ever be as gay
If we swing again

—*Crayon for November*

THE LEGS OF INSECTS.—M. Delisle once observed a fly, only as large as a grain of sand, which ran three inches in half a second, and in that space made the enormous number of *five hundred and forty steps*. If a man were to be able to walk as fast in proportion to his size, supposing his step to measure two feet, he would, in the course of a minute, have run upwards of *twenty miles*, a task far surpassing our express railroad engines, or the famous Seven League Boots recorded in the nursery fable. In leaping, also, insects far excel man, or any other animal whatever. The flea can leap two hundred times its own length; so also can the locust. Some spiders can leap a couple of feet upon their prey.

☞ Women habitually make confidence the first need of friendship.—*Mme de Stael.*

FIRST BOY.—"What does he do with all them whiskers?"

SECOND BOY.—"Why, when 'e's got enough of 'em, 'e cuts 'em off to stuff 'is heavy-chair with!"—*London Punch.*

THE WATER TELESCOPE.—The water telescope, for seeing under water, consists of a tube to enable a person looking over the gunwale of a boat to rest the head on one end, while the other is below the surface of the water; the upper end being so formed that the head may rest on it, both eyes seeing freely into the tube. Into the lower end is fixed (watertight) a plate of glass, which, when used, is to be kept under the surface of the water; so that the spectator, looking down the tube, sees all objects at the bottom whose reflective powers are able to send off rays of sufficient intensity to be impressed on the retina, after suffering the loss of light caused by the absorbing power of the water. Light, in passing through pure sea-water, loses half its intensity for each fifteen feet through which it passes. In clear water the bottom may thus be seen at the depth of twelve fathoms. This contrivance is much used in seal-shooting along our northern and western islands, where, sometimes in the form of an ordinary washing-tub, with a piece of glass fixed in its bottom, the shot seal is looked for, and the grappling-hook let down to bring him to the surface. Norwegian fishermen also often use this telescope when their anchors get into foul ground, or their cables warped on a roadstead.

SOUP AT PARIS.—In Paris, at cheap restaurants, the tin soup-basins for the guests are nailed to the table. From the caldron in which the stock is seething, the attendant Leonoras draw up the liquid in huge syringes, from which they drive it into the guest's basin. He is then expected to pay for the whole of his dinner; but if he exhibit any reluctance, the handmaid sucks up the whole of his soup by drawing it into her syringe again. The "damage" is nine sous!

Useful Receipts.

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.—Soak in a solution of alum a quantity of plaster of Paris. Bake it in an oven, and grind it to a powder. When wanted, mix it with water to about the consistency of plaster. It sets into an exceedingly hard composition, and takes a high polish. It may be mixed with various colored minerals or ochres to represent the various marbles.—*Mrs. Hale.*

[No doubt this composition might be used to fill cavities or crevices in marble.—*Ed. Post.*]

PUMPKIN BATTER.—Wash the pumpkins clean, take out the seeds, and scrape the inside out with a strong iron spoon. Boil till soft, and rub through a coarse sieve. When strained, put into a kettle and boil slowly all day, stirring it often. Put in a large handful of salt. When nearly done, add a pint of molasses, or a pound of brown sugar to each gallon of pumpkin. Before it is quite done, add allspice, cinnamon, ginger, and nutmeg, one or all, as you may fancy. Put it into jars when done—large ones are best. Tie it up tightly, and it will keep until April or May in a cold place if you scald it when Spring comes on. It is a good sauce for table use, and is always ready for pies, with the usual addition of eggs and milk. It is much less trouble and far better than "dried pumpkin."

CHILBLAINS.—To cure chilblains, simply bathe the parts affected in the liquor in which potatoes have been boiled, at as high a temperature as can be borne. On the first appearance of ailment, indicated by inflammation and irritation, this bath affords, almost immediate relief. In the more advanced stages, repetition prevents breaking out, followed by a certain cure; and an occasional adoption will operate against a return, even during the severest frost.

TO PRESERVE APPLES.—Weigh equal quantities of good brown sugar and of apples. Peel, core, and mince the apples small. Boil the sugar, allowing to every three pounds a pint of water. Skim it well, and boil it pretty thick. Then add the apples, the grated peel of one or two lemons, and two or three pieces of white ginger. Boil till the apples fall, and look clear and yellow. Apples prepared in this way will keep for years.

SOLDERING FERULES FOR TOOLHANDLES, &c.—Take your ferule, lap round the joining a small piece of brass-wire, then just wet the ferule, scatter in the joining ground borax, put it on the end of a wire, hold it in the fire till the brass fuses. It will fill up the joining and form a perfect solder. It may afterward be turned in the lathe.

HOW TO FATTEN TURKEYS.—Feed them generously with Indian corn, and potatoes, or, what is better, with corn meal, mixed up with skim-milk and fed to them fresh; vary this with carrots and purple-top turnips. Turkeys will fatten soon in this way. The hen will fatten easier, and is more tender than the cock. Turkeys lose about one-third in dressing: that is, a turkey that will weigh fifteen pounds alive, will weigh ten pounds when dressed. Where one is favorably located for raising turkeys, and is near a good market, the raising of them pays well.

Agricultural.

PRUNING GRAPE VINES.

The best time for performing this very important operation, on our native vines, has been for a long time a controverted point among good cultivators. All agree that it should be done some time between the cessation of growth in the fall and the commencement of growth the next spring. While many, perhaps the largest number of those who have given their views to the public, have practiced and advocated fall pruning, and given some seemingly good reasons for the practice, others have recommended February as the best time, and have not failed to furnish some very plausible reasons for so doing.

Those who advocate and practice fall pruning, claim that between the falling of the leaves in November, and the swelling of the buds in the following spring, a distribution of the organizable matter—the matter which enters into the composition of fruit—is constantly going on through all parts of the vine. If this theory is correct—if such distribution is constantly taking place, while the roots of the vine are bound in icy chains, and the branches frozen, and the whole vine in a dormant state, then most surely fall pruning should never be neglected; for by delaying the operation until this distribution has all or nearly all taken place, by far the greater part of the fruit producing elements will be destroyed by the knife; whereas if the surplus buds are removed before such distribution has progressed far, the buds retained will receive nearly all this matter, and the necessary consequence must be a better yield of fruit.

On the other hand, the advocates of February pruning deny this distribution theory, and claim that it is safest not to prune till after the most of the extreme cold weather is over, because they say the vine is capable of withstanding a greater degree of cold without injury before than after being pruned. Also, that the branches of the previous year's growth are pretty sure to "kill back" some, whether they are pruned in the fall or not, and that it is better to let them do so before the vine is pruned than after. So much for theory.

In 1851, my vineyard consisted of eight rows of equal length, and the vines all of one age and of similar size. That year I pruned one of these rows in November and the other rows in February, and when the fruit was harvested, I carefully weighed the yield of each separately. The fall pruned row produced 25 per cent less than either of the other rows. This result at the time looked very much like an argument against fall pruning. However, not deeming it quite conclusive, I pruned two rows the next November, the same one previously pruned in November, and another. At the next harvest the yield of these two rows was quite equal, but not superior to that of any other two in the vineyard in respect to quality and quantity.

Since then I have practiced pruning my vines during any mild weather from the middle of November to the middle of March, and I feel perfectly safe in advising others to do the same. Vines should never be pruned with a dull knife, nor when they are frozen, nor when there is a fair prospect of a sudden change from mild to extreme cold weather.

On planting a vine let but one branch grow the first season. At the end of this season cut these branches back eight or ten buds each, or to four or five feet in length—build your trellis, and fasten these branches "right and left" along the lower rail of the trellis. The third season let these base branches produce a branch from every alternate bud; and train them perpendicularly to the top of the trellis, and about the first of September stop them by pinching them off. The trellis is now filled with good bearing wood, and the next—the fourth season—the vine will produce its first crop.

After the first crop is taken from the vine the only pruning necessary to prepare it for another crop, will be to cut back the lateral branches, proceeding from the upright branches to two buds, and when they start the next spring but one of those—usually the one nearest the main branch—should be allowed to grow. The next year that portion of the old spur extending beyond the base of the new branch should be cut off smooth, and the new branch cut back as before to two buds. This same process is to be continued from year to year. It is well, however, to provide for an entire removal of the fruit bearing branches, as often as once in three or four years. This can be accomplished without losing a crop, in the following manner:—Suppose there are six main upright branches to the vine: two of these may be removed each year by allowing a new branch to grow from the base of each to a sufficient length to take their places, and at the next annual pruning cut the old ones out; in this way the entire vine will be renewed in the course of three years. Of course it must be remembered that the fruit is always produced on the current year's shoots, springing from the wood of the previous year's growth.

Where vines are planted wide, say from 12 to 16 feet apart, and trained on upright trellises—the very best mode of planting and training when the grape is cultivated for the dessert—I have found the above simple mode of pruning well adapted to the vineyard or field culture of our native vines.—*Cor. of New York Rural.*

PREPARATION OF POULTRY FOR MARKET.

Messrs. Drew & French, New York, in answer to various inquiries addressed to them about how to prepare Poultry for market, have carefully prepared the following directions, which, they say, should be as carefully followed by all those who send poultry to the city markets, and who wish to get the best price for it:—

First.—Give no food for twenty-four hours previous to killing. Food in the crop is liable to sour, and always injures the sale. Purchasers object to paying for undigested food.

Second.—"Sticking" in the neck with a penknife is the best mode of killing. If the head is cut off, the skin recedes, and the neck bone looks repulsive.

Third.—Most of the poultry coming to this market, is badly "scalded" or "wet picked." "Dry picked" is preferred, and sells a little higher, other things being equal. Great care should be taken in picking to remove all the pinfeathers, and to avoid tearing the skin, particularly upon the legs, where it is most likely to be broken. If properly scalded, it looks best.

Fourth.—The intestines should not be drawn. After picking, the head may be taken off, and the skin drawn over the neck bone and tied. This is best, though much comes with heads on.

Fifth.—Next in order, it should be "plumped," by being dipped about two seconds into water nearly or quite boiling hot, and then at once into cold water about the same length of time. Some think the hot plunge sufficient without the cold. It should be entirely cold, but not frozen before being packed. If it reaches market sound, without freezing, it will sell all the better.

Sixth.—For packing, if practicable, use clean hand-threshed rye straw. If this cannot be had, wheat or oat straw will answer, if clean and free from dust. Place a layer of straw at the bottom of the box, then alternate layers of poultry and straw—taking care to stow snugly, backs upward, filling vacancies with straw, and filling the package so that the cover will draw down snugly upon the contents. Boxes holding not over 300 lbs., are the best packages.

Seventh.—Number the packages; mark the contents of each on the cover; place the invoice of the lot in one package, marked "bill," sending duplicate by mail; direct plainly to the consignee—placing the name of the consigner in one corner.

HEADING CABBAGES IN WINTER.—Select a suitable spot in a garden or field, six feet in width, of any desired length, free from standing water; run a furrow the proposed length of your bed, and throw a back furrow upon it. This double furrow will form a *side wall* of your cabbage house. In the trench stand your cabbages on their roots leaning to the furrow at an angle of 40 to 45 deg. Let the next furrow be thrown upon the roots and stalks of the cabbages, and another row be placed in the trench made by the second furrow; thus proceed until your six feet of width is planted; then let the last furrow be a double one—making the other side wall about the height of the cabbage head. Through the whole length of the middle of the patch lay rails lengthwise, supported by crutches, at a height of about two feet from the cabbages; this will form the ridge of the cabbage house. Lay light brushwood from the side walls to the ridge pole; then throw on salt hay, or bog hay, or straw, two inches in depth. As the cold weather advances, throw on dirt until you have a depth of say six or eight inches, or even more when the winters are severe, and finally spank the dirt roof with the flat of the spade until it will shed the rain. Fill up the two ends of your house in the same manner, leaving only small air holes of a foot or two in diameter, which may be closed with hay. The length of the house should be on a north and south line.

In the early spring you will find your most unpromising plants have heads of their own, and all be thriving and fresh. Try it once, and you'll try it ever afterwards.—*Exchange.*

REMEDY FOR GROUND MOLES.—A few years ago, when I was very much troubled with the ground mole, an old farmer told me to plant a few of the *castor beans* in such places where the moles troubled me the most. I did so, and have never been troubled with a mole since. I told my neighbors of it, and the moles were cleared away from their farms also.—*Cor. Ohio Valley Farmer.*

SELF-ESTIMATE OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.—There is no doubt that for several years before his death, whether from early indulgence in luxury or from a malady inherent in his family, his mind would occasionally wander, and many anecdotes have been current of the unfortunate impressions under which he labored. After the glorious termination of the long Continental war in 1815 by the battle of Waterloo, it would not perhaps be unpardonable vanity in him to have thought that the English nation had mainly contributed to this great event; but he certainly at times in conversation arrogated to himself personally the glory of subduing Napoleon's power and giving peace to the world. It was upon one of these assumptions being reported to the sarcastic Sheridan that he archly remarked, "That is all well enough, but what he particularly piques himself upon is the last productive harvests."—*Raikes' Journal.*

A FINE COUNTRY FOR DOCTORS.—In Beloochistan, when the physician gives a dose he is expected to partake of a similar one himself, as a guarantee of his good faith: should the patient die under his hands, the relatives, though by no means to exercise it in all circumstances, have the right of putting him to death, unless a special agreement has been made freeing him from all responsibilities as to the consequences; while he, should they decide on immolating him, has no reasonable ground for complaint, but is expected to submit to his fate like a man.

☞ The only correct idea of social liberty is, that each person should be suffered to occupy his proper place, according to his natural capacities.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 5, 11, 9, is a fruit.
My 2, 11, 14, 13, 6, is a man's name.
My 3, 5, 6, 12, 15, 10, is a great cricket bowler.
My 4, 16, 13, 12, 6, 8, is a county in Illinois.
My 5, 6, 7, 12, 2, 6, 17, is a country in Europe.
My 6, 11, 12, 12, is a useful article.
My 7, 2, 4, is a light.
My 8, 16, 7, 13, 5, is a bird.
My 9, 15, 3, 12, 6, is a juice from a tree.
My 10, 5, 17, is a color.
My 11, 6, 7, 5, 14, is what you should avoid.
My 12, 9, 15, 6, is a metal.
My 13, 2, 1, 17, 15, 7, is a pet animal.
My 14, 8, 5, 17, is a small bird.
My 15, 9, 16, 6, 7, 5, is a county in North Carolina.
My 16, 13, 8, is a malt liquor.
My 17, 11, 14, 16, 2, 6, is the name of an Isthmus.
My whole will be a great improvement to Philadelphia.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 1, 2, 15, 15, was the wife of Jupiter.
My 3, 7, 21, 23, 6, 7, 3, 1, 18, 10, was the daughter of Ceres.
My 5, 9, 19, 23, 3, 12, 23, was a tragic poet of old.
My 8, 7, 12, 17, 13, 13, was one of the attendants of Neptune.
My 11, 18, 7, 20, 21, 13, 23, were the three daughters of Phoreys and Ceta.
My 11, 12, 13, 14, 4, was a Hindoo god.
My 19, 6, 7, 21, was a beautiful priestess of Venus Scotes.
My 22, 12, 10, 23, was a title of Jupiter.
My whole was a heathen god.

RAMENCAM.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 16, 19, 5, 10, 11, was a celebrated English physician.
My 22, 23, 1, 17, 10, was a Scottish poet of great fame.
My 2, 12, 0, 25, was the founder of one of the Southern States.
My 7, 18, 31, 3, 4, 29, was a distinguished General who fought in the Revolutionary war.
My 11, 24, 19, 12, 30, was a celebrated historian.
My 26, 21, 18, 28, 23, 27, was an Indian chief, a true friend of the whites.
My 13, 6, 33, 10, 20, 21, was a noted English painter.
My 10, 1, 15, 30, 14, 32, was a midshipman in the service of the United States.
My 29, 25, 22, 28, 3, 33, was an American General.
My 8, 13, 3, 20, 19, 1, 6, 17, was a distinguished traveller.
My whole was a great event in American history.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Readers, attend! and read to the end,
The riddle I propose,
And if you try, you'll surely spy
The words my name compose.

From my first you must know great benefits flow,
Which nothing as small can exceed,
'Tis through its aid our lawns are all made,
And also the books we read.

My second you'll find possesses a mind,
The lord of all other creatures,
And resembles in shape the monkey or ape,
And slightly partakes of their features.

My third on the sea is most likely to be,
And never is seen on the land;
In war it is used, and often abused
By the bulls from the enemy's hand.

My whole is an art, which my first will impart,
And is useful to all who possess it,
And were you aware of the name I bear,
You surely would confess it.

Tiffin. W. L. MYERS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first doth mean to "think upon,"
My second is a kind of rope.
My whole's a city "way down east,"
You'll tell me what I mean, I hope.

GAHMEW.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four carpenters, each having an apprentice, engaged to build a house for $810 12½. By agreement, A's apprentice is to be allowed 75 cents per day, B's 62½ per day, C's 50 per day, and D's 87½ per day. A worked 50 days and his apprentice 30. B worked 40 days and his apprentice 62. C worked 60 days and his apprentice 30. D worked 80 days and his apprentice 45. While doing the job, A drew $121 25. B $85 75, C $84 31, and D $100 12½. How much of the remainder must each receive?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a certain class of vessels like a lady weeping in secret? Ans.—Because they are private tears (privateers.)

☞ Why is a fish vainly struggling in a net like an incurable lunatic? Ans.—Because he is hopelessly in seine (insane.)

☞ Why is a policeman like a time-piece? Ans.—Because he is a watch.

☞ Why are certain distorted features like a certain grain? Ans.—Because they are wry (rye.)

Tiffin. W. S. M.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The Conclusion of the Treaty of Peace with Mexico. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Take the Post. MYTHOLOGICAL REBUS—Voltaire. (Vesta, Orpheus, Lachesis, Titans, Argolis, Iris, Rebigius, Euxine.) CHARADE—Donkey. RIDDLE—Peach. GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS—Zanesville, Newark, Cochocton, New Lexington, Columbus, Cincinnati, Dayton, Cleveland, Toledo, Mansfield, Sandusky, Portsmouth. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM—1.3927 inches.

MORNING AT POMPEII.—The dead city wakes not at dawn like the living, and, though it has now half divested itself of the ashy robe that has clothed it for ages, the retreating night leaves it yet slumbering on its funeral couch. Tired to death, the tourists who saw it yesterday yet linger in their beds, and the morn that illumes the mummy city shines there upon no human face. Strange is it to see by her rosy and azure light this carcass of a city death-stricken in the midst of its pleasures, its labors and its civilization, and which has not undergone the tardy dissolution of an ordinary ruin. You stand expecting that the masters of these perfect houses will come forth in their Greek or Roman dress; and you listen for the roll of the chariot whose track is still upon the pavement; you look for the reveller to re-enter the tavern where his cup has marked a ring upon the counter. We walk in the past as though we were dreaming of it—we glance at the corners of the streets, and there an inscription in red letters announces the spectacle of the day. Only, the day has gone by more than seventeen hundred years since!—*Gautier.*

☞ Swimming is a passion with the ladies of Paris—and a sensible one too. The Parisian belles are all diving-belles.